National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

SAMUEL J. MAY AND NEGRO-STEALING.

Samuel J. May is a reverend gentleman of the Unitarian persuasion; and Syracuse, in New York, a place as noted now for its Abolitionism as Syracuse in the Mediterranean was of old for the tyranny of Dionysius, is benefited and blessed by his ghostly ministrations. This Samuel J. May, we need not say to many readers, is a rabid Abolitionist. We speak of him now because we desire, for a purpose we have in view, to refer to one or two recent "passages in his life."

Some time since, the Boston *Christian Register*, one of the organs of New England Unitarianism, published a statement to the effect that the Unitarian Society in St. Louis, which worships at the Church of the Messiah, under the ministry of Rev. Mr. Eliot, had so thoroughly purged itself of slaveholding that not a member of that Society continued to hold a slave. This statement having come under Mr. Eliot's eye, that gentleman, deeming that the cause of truth required its correction, sent a brief note to the *Register*, denying the statement, and further expressing the opinion of the writer that some of those who were still held as slaves were, under the circumstances, better off in that condition than if they were set free. This note was seen by Mr. May, and roused a feeling within him which led him to address to Mr. Eliot a letter, in the nature of an arraignment of the latter for what Mr. May conceived an offence. The kind of answer that Mr. May expected was not returned to this letter. So, when the Unitarian General Convention was held at Buffalo in June last, Mr. May brought Mr. Eliot's iniquity before that assemblage, with the view, we suppose, of having official, ecclesiastical, Unitarian condemnation pronounced upon it, and of making Mr. Eliot undergo some sort of a penance for his sin, in having expressed an opinion so monstrous as that a bondman in a slave State might be better off than a free negro in the free States. Mr. Eliot was not present at the time; but he found very able and eloquent defenders in Rev. Mr. Hayley, of Alton, and Rev. Mr. Haywood and Hon. Judge Pirtle, of Louisville. These gentlemen took Abolitionism in hand, and did justice on its advocates. The result was, that the Rev. Samuel "took nothing by his motion"; and that the Unitarian Convention vindicated its own character and that of its cause by refusing to become sponsors for his fanaticism and folly.

But this clerical agitator is never comfortable, unless he is up to his neck in Abolitionism. On returning to his home from Buffalo, he chose to entertain a circle of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen, whom he found in the same car, with a further expression of his views and feelings on the subject of his monomania. He upbraided slavery, and contended that every slave ought to be immediately set free on American soil, therein making a striking display of his own wisdom and knowledge. But the revelation he made at that time, of what he had been doing to advance Abolitionism, let in all the light necessary to show the man in his lowest depths. He had, he said, but a short time before, had seated at his table a coloured gentleman and his wife (fugitives from labour), and was proud to acknowledge it; and he exulted in saying that, within a year, he had aided in the escape of at least *one hundred* such runaways!

Now, here is a man—a minister of the Gospel—standing on a respectable footing with other members of his respectable denomination—an educated man—a man of supposed learning and culture—a man, no doubt, of much influence in a wide circle—who dares to make public proclamation, exulting in it, that he is regularly engaged in breaking a law of the land—in spitting defiance at a guarantee of the Constitution, and in undermining that Union which is the foundation of the greatness and glory of his country. He dares to avow that he takes pleasure in despoiling his countrymen of what they and the laws under which he and they alike live have established as property; that he is, in one word, a *negro*-thief, and rejoices in the appellation! He might as well have said to his auditors: "Go home to Missouri, and tell those 'border ruffians' that I, Samuel J. May, am a negro-stealer; and let them judge, that if I, a respectable and admired preacher of the Gospel, am an open and avowed negro-stealer, how many others there must be all through this country who are just like me!"

Samuel J. May is one of the associates in the "Emigrant Aid scheme." He it is who, with others, doubtless, exactly like himself, is forwarding fanatics and negro-thieves to Kansas. Under such circumstances, we ask, is it unreasonable that the population of our Western frontier should be excited at the movements set on foot by such a combination? Do not the hordes sent out by it virtually declare: "We are now here, where we can watch for the best opportunities of stealing your property, and of putting others on the track to steal it. Depend upon it, we will use our opportunities. And if you have a negro who is not, in twelve months, decoyed away and run off, it will be no fault of ours?" Are men who are thus justly apprehensive about the safety of their property, and who have every reason to believe that stronger efforts than ever will be made to poison the relation between themselves and their servants, to be stigmatized as unreasoning ruffians?—*St. Louis Morning Herald, July* 24.

THE NEGRO-STEALING IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Slave Abduction case which took place last week in Philadelphia is naturally exciting very general comment, and certainly it presents the most aggravated instance of Abolition interference with the rights of Southern masters that has ever been witnessed in this country. The case of the negro nurse of the Rev. Mr. Denison, some months ago, in Ohio, was sufficiently outrageous, but there are circumstances connected with the recent enormity which render it still more exasperating. The Hon. Mr. Wheeler, the owner of the slaves just abducted, was a diplomatic servant of the United States, on his way to the country to which he was accredited, and his negroes constituted an intergral portion of his family household. As a public officer in the actual service of the Government, he was clearly entitled to the largest protection of his person and property, in whatever portion of the Union he might happen to be, yet he is set upon by a gang of armed ruffians, who, *vi et armis*, take possession of his dependents and hurry them off to parts unknown before any measures could be taken for their recovery.

The new phase in which Abolition violence here manifests itself is worthy of a moment's consideration. It assumes that a slave is not a rational being, capable of deciding for himself or herself upon his or her own personal interests, and does not stop at giving that slave the option of freedom or slavery—to declare whether he or she will remain with the master who has for years maintained and protected his faithful negro or go into a nominal state of liberty to starve. Oh, no; it boldly announces that the negro shall be free willy nilly, and presents a pistol at the poor creature's head, with "Take your freedom or I'll blow your brains out." At the same time, it threatens the master's life in case of resistance on his part. It remains to be seen whether there is any such thing as punishment at the hands of the law for such infamous proceedings. The United States District Attorney for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania has taken very prompt steps for prosecuting the offenders, and we trust they may meet with a just and proper retribution for their crime. At the same time, though we are far from wishing to see serious disturbances grow out of such affairs, we think it is very much to be regretted that Mr. Wheeler did not shoot the villain, Passmore Williamson, on the spot. The issue would then have been changed to a trial of Mr. Wheeler for murder, and, had he been convicted, there is not within the limits of Pennsylvania that jail strong enough to have held him.

The New York *Times*, commenting, with its usual flippancy and smartness, upon this matter, congratulates the country that Mr. Wheeler's slaves were taken from him before he could involve the United States in an international difficulty by attempting to introduce them into Central America, where slavery does not exist by law, and declares that he is the first Republican Minister who has ever gone to a foreign country with his slaves behind him, like Vich Jan Vohr with "his tail on." Passing by the superior condition of Gautemala, that blessed land of social, moral and political freedom, in all respects so strikingly in contrast with the benighted and degraded Southern States of the American Union, we can assure the New York *Times* that it has only given us another exhibition of its unfathomable ignorance, for it is well known that Mr. Randolph took his slave with him all over continental Europe, and that Mr. W. R. King, during the whole of his long residence in Paris, as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. Cloud, was constantly attended by his negro body-servant, nor were either of these gentlemen at any time subjected to the slightest annoyance by the pretended friends of the black man endeavouring to steal away his fondly-attached menial.—*Petersburg (Va.) Daily Express, July* 27.

From The New York Evening Mirror, Aug. 2.

Darkies in Council.—The sable gentry of our city, "horse, foot and dragoons," were out on Staten Island and Long Island—near Jamaica—yesterday, rolling up the whites of their eyes, and showing their ivory, in celebration of the 21st Anniversary of Negro Emancipation in the West Indies. Lor de Massy, how they yah, yah'd at their own display, Miss Phillisy proudly cachinating at sight of the tall plumes of Massa Pompey, while the latter, properly conscious of his dignity as one "ob de marshals ob de 'casion," reined in the "old hoss" and bowed to the surrounding odorous ebony femininity, as much as to say, "Look ah head—yah, yah!" White bands discoursed the music, though one of them backed out on reaching Brooklyn, whereupon, after grave consultation, harmonic exercises were performed by all hands singing, at intervals, the following hymn:

"De Lord he lubs good nigga well,
He know de nigga by de smell;
And while de pitch holds out to burn,
De brackest nigga may return.

He knows dere wants and all ob dat,
He feeds dere souls on 'possum fat;
And when de nigga babies cry,
De Lord he gibs 'em 'possum pie.

De Lord's determined not to keep
In diff'rent pens de collud sheep,
But stir 'em round and mix 'em up
Like rum and 'lasses in a cup."

On arriving (the Long Island party) at their place of rendezvous, Brothers Garrison and Culver, elongated their visages as much as possible, considering the grotesque assemblage, and delivered harangues, of style and matter customary on such occasions. The entire proceedings were orderly, and all darkeydom enjoyed the day wonderfully. The Jamaicans (not West India), a stiff breeze blowing from the direction of the sable camp over their flower-embosomed village, aver that the air was fragrant with the celebration.

From the same of a later date.

The editor of the *New Bedford Mercury*, somewhat excited by the "heated term," takes exception to our report of the coloured people's doings in honour of West India Negro Emancipation, last week. He thinks our remarks were of the unmanly, ridiculous sort, unbecoming the dignity and gravity of the occasion. We confess to a certain playfulness and humour in what we said, but we could have safely challenged our New Bedford friend, had he been an on-looker, to have preserved even the little gravity that we did—and we assure him that, with the exception of the hymn, which we reported one verse short of the original composition, we did not at all exaggerate the scene.

As to desiring to bring the coloured people into "bad odor" with any class, we deny the impeachment—malice was out of the question. We take the coloured folk as we find them, and paint them as we see them. As to assailing or "squibbing boot-blacks and waiters, who can't either make speeches or write leading articles," we don't do such things. The only parties we would talk severely to are the white demagogues who get up, direct and altogether control these grotesque negro gatherings. As to Garrison, it is, perhaps, his legitimate business, but it is hardly a proper pastime for our City Judges.

In his place, not as a revolutionist, colonist, reformer, progressive or civilizer—for he is none of these—but with the oyster-knife, the shoe-brush, the chimney-broom, and the napkin in hand, we respect the negro. Lift him above his level, in any respect, and he plays such "fantastic tricks" as might tickle the ribs of death. If we in aught real did injustice to Master Pompey or Miss Phillisy, we are sorry—we intended no such thing. Our picture was a mental and moral daguerreotype, reflecting a *real* scene. We have pondered the words of our New Bedford cotemporary; and since he confesses that any mud we throw is "fuller's earth," cleansing whatever it falls upon, he must acknowledge that our evil, whether or not intended, will be turned to good and purifying account.

From the same.

Passmore Williamson, the Nigger-Stealer.—It has been said, by way of hyperbole, that the meanest of all possible thefts is the stealing of pennies from a dead mother's eyes. But we regard the sneaking Abolitionist, who seduces niggers from their masters, as a more contemptible thief, both in the eyes of God and man, than the robber of corpses or churches. Such is the outrageous conduct of this fellow Williamson, who, instead of minding his own business, goes nosing about the hotels of Philadelphia to smell out some contented, well-conditioned slaves, and induces them, by fictions of freedom, to elope from their masters. Failing in that, he employs a posse of his burly "coloured brethren" to seize and drag them off. And what is this paradise of free niggerdom into which these lying Abolitionists delude the poor slave? Look at the Five Points in New York. That tells the story. In nine cases out of ten, the "free negro" sinks into the most abject poverty, vice and crime. He is incapable of taking care of himself; and when sick, needy and deserted by his Abolition betrayers, he can only sigh for the "old plantation," still "longing for the old folks at home."

Slavery is only a curse to those who are capable of appreciating and using, without abusing, the blessings of liberty. It is no curse to the child to be subjected to parental restraint; it is no evil to the ignorant African to be subjected to a human master's care. If these Abolitionists were honest in their efforts to relieve coloured human misery, they might turn their philanthropic hands and noses towards the Five Points, instead of robbing gentlemen of their servants, and, what is still worse, robbing servants of their masters.

Coloured Gentlemen at Saratoga.—A correspondent of the New York *Herald* gives a delicious account of the way the coloured gentlemen are mixing in with their white brothers at Saratoga Springs. We are slow to see, however, how any serious complaint can be made about the matter—it is all a fair deduction from the premises which have been so industriously set down. Those of our Northern friends who have a distaste for such a condition of things had better be philosophical, see that it is what they have got to come to, and get used to it at once. We hope also the "many Southern gentlemen" who have been forgetful of our own delightful places of summer resort, and who "are there at present," will have a sweet time of it.

"For some time past there has been quite a time among the fashionables, in regard to liberties taken by the negroes of this place. The rules of the Springs prohibit the blacks from using glasses used by the white folks. The negroes, as I am informed, are prompted, by some of the Seward stripe, that they have the same rights as the white folks. A few evenings ago, one of the "gemmen" was handed out of the grounds. The same afternoon, a large building belonging to Clarke & White was burned, for which the owners offered a reward of $200 for any information of the person who committed the deed. On yesterday, there was quite a rough and tumble fight while Clarke & White's men were ejecting the negroes, and the greatest confusion prevailed. This morning, about seven o'clock, the niggers from the different hotels mustered, and came down to the Congress Springs and mixed in with the Shanghaes. When they were told to disperse, they refused. A Mr. Sheppard, a lawyer of New York, pulled out a shooter and swore he would shoot the first nigger that would dare to attempt to drink out of the glasses. In a few minutes, Mr. Pike, a justice of the peace, arrived, whose presence settled the affair for the present. A disturbance is anticipated every day. There are a great many Southern gentlemen here at present."—*Ga. Constitutionalist.*

The *New Bedford Standard*, a political anti-slavery journal, allows a New York correspondent to disgrace its columns by uttering the following piece of disgusting ribaldry:

"You are doubtless advised of the *sable* celebration on 1st inst., in commemoration of West India emancipation. The Sambos and Dinahs were out generally in the most grotesque styles of costume. Melancholy music, clams and bacon, seasoned hotly with Garrison pepper sauce, were the order of the day. Garrison does n't want any union of the States. Even the North does n't suit Garrison. Garrison can't even abide Seward nor Wilson nor Sumner. The Church is too rotten for Garrison. The country whose polluted soil bears the anointed body of Garrison is one big blue-topped ulcer on this mundane sphere. Sodom, at the pitch of its rottenness, was fairer in the eyes of Garrison, and doubtless nothing but a proper sense of what the country would lose in him prevents Garrison from immediate flight to the higher civilization of Turkey or Timbuctoo.

"But I do not see that any one has duly chronicled a passage of arms between two *nights* on the eventful 1st. It befel on the romantic grounds of Staten Island, and woman, dark and lovely woman, was at once the incentive and the prize. That the contest might be without vantage to either belligerent, the simple forces of nature alone were wielded. Gracefully backing off from each other as two irate rams may be seen to do, bowing their sable crests, they plunged madly forward and met in full career. 'Dire was the noise of *butting*.' But the cerebral shield of each was too dense to yield, and, chivalrously saluting each other with a mutual up-rolling of the whites of eyes, they withdrew to the extremity of the lists and met again with equal valour, but not with equal fate; for the treacherous soil yielding beneath the foot of one, he fell prone upon the earth, his failing sight glimmering with a thousand stars, while the ebony Rowena, who had overlooked the strife from the top of a neighbouring knoll, rushed forward with a loud "Yah, yah," and clung to the neck of the conqueror with an odoriferous embrace, and was treated to gingerbread and lemon soda."

Harvard College Again.—Old Harvard is fairly earning the reputation of being an Abolition College. The only subject conscientiously taught there appears to be treason. The authorities would not confirm Judge Loring, though he was apparently the best man for the law chair, because he would not perjure himself; nor would they grant a degree to Mr. Eliot, because he had voted for the Compromise Measures. According to the code of morals in force at Harvard, no Southern man deserves collegiate honours. Nay, more, no Northern man can attain the highest rank in learning, letters or science, unless he agree with the Harvard people in politics. Thus, Daniel Webster would not have been deemed fit for honours, nor either of the Adamses, nor John Hancock, nor any of the Revolutionary heroes of New England. The only men, according to the authorities of Harvard, who deserve to be decorated with collegiate degrees, are Theodore Parker, William Lloyd Garrison, Gerrit Smith, Fred Douglass, and a few others of that school. To such a depth has sunk the oldest collegiate institution in the United States!—*N. Y. Herald.*

Selections.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS,

At Abington, Mass., August 1*st*, 1855.

From The Liberator.

Mr. Chairman: I confess that the speech which has just been made to us [the speech of J. B. Swazey, Esq., of Newburyport, who, after careful examination, renounced allegiance to the Government of the United States, relinquishing office rather than take an oath to support the Constitution] is a very great encouragement to me; I can imagine none greater. What we want is men who can look into the real circumstances in which the Constitution stands, and such we have in the speaker who has preceded me. I like such Conventions as those which he described, but I consider him worth more than a dozen Conventions (applause). A single man, who, in his life, in his relations to the public, testifies, by an *act*, to his appreciation of a principle, is worth more than a Convention. The difficulty is, it seems to me, just that upon which he touched in the latter part of his remarks—to make our fellow-citizens *realize* the actual state of affairs. Men walk about, take office, give votes, praise public men, or blame them, but they make no actual, radical measurement of principle. There are two faults in American politics, it seems to me. One is, the moment a thing is proved not to be right, the moment the course of duty is pointed out, and the man is told to follow it, he turns round and says—"What's the use of it?"—"What can *I* do?" "It is right I should not return a fugitive slave; it is right I should not vote with the Whig party; it is right I should not go to a pro-slavery church; it is right I should proclaim radical abolitionism—but, what good can I do?" No Yankee is satisfied with truth, unless you can prove to him it is worth eight or ten per cent. (laughter). You must show him an immediate profit. Prove some great man a scoundrel; prove, to a demonstration, that he has done some utterly indefensible act—what is the reply? It is a *necessary* crime! We *must* have a Church, a Party—it is a *necessary* crime! Dr. Lord is very much blamed for saying, in black and white, that the Almighty cannot govern the world without slavery. It is a monstrous proposition, when put in black and white; but it is the fundamental idea that underlies our American argument. It is not safe to tell the truth. God cannot get along, unless we help him with a lie occasionally! That is the basis of all our politics and religion. We have got to help the Almighty govern His world by going a little bit a-gee. We have got to help the Almighty by concealing or smothering a little of those feelings which *He* has implanted in the human soul. "Napoleon the Third is a perjured tyrant; his hands are dripping with blood—I know it," says the Frenchman; "but I cannot make money if I do not uphold him." So says the American of slavery.

It seems to me that what we need is just such individual, radical, frank protests in *acts*, as that of the friend who has just addressed us. Men do not care about reasons. When a man does not want to be right, he will chop logic to rags. The honest man, who is seeking truth, sees it often through the light of an action; *feels* it, rather than argues about it. This love for the Constitution never was reasoned up; it will not be reasoned down. A man is led up to the blank wall of office, and the only condition asked of him is, that he shall swear an oath he does not mean to keep. Nine hundred and-ninety-nine men out of a thousand take the oath; gulp it down; make a wry face or two, and it is over (laughter). The thousandth man says—"No! I stop here. I cannot take the oath. Office is on the other side, popularity is there, wealth is there—I rob myself of all of them. I tear off the green leaves, and make myself barked and branchless—a wreck, apparently." God never promised success as the reward for doing the work He has given us to do; but He asks us to have faith, that though the outer side of the cloud be dark and fearful, the inner side is gilded with the light of His approving smile. He asks us to believe it. The American says, "I won't, unless you show it to me!" He must *see* it.

I say, in a community like this, one such case as that we have had recited to us is worth a dozen Conventions. What we want is to awaken men just to that conviction. I hail every cutting loose from old established maxims and ways of doing things because our fathers did. Down here to Hanover, there came, the other day, from Boston, one of Burns's body-guard—a Mr. Bowers. He ventured to show his head out of Boston. They hung him in effigy, and wrote on the outside, "*A body without a soul?*" (Cheers.) He was so frightened that he denied having ever been one of that miscreant crew, though the fact was incontestibly proved. We want Worcester and Hanover repeated in every town in the Commonwealth, so that when once a man has acted as body-guard to a fugitive, he shall never dare to go outside the peninsula—the State shall be too hot to hold him (applause).

We want action. It is through action we are to live. That is why I value the repudiation of party on our part. I do not know but politics, in a certain way, does good; but what you want to teach the community is the character of the Constitution. It is not taught them by voting under it and talking about it. It is taught them by standing outside of it, and letting the world around you know you believe it not fit to be touched by an honest man. I want every man in your town to ask you why you do not vote. I do not want you to stay at home from the polls, but to stand there and tell every man why you do not vote. Mordecai did not go out into the world; he stayed at the King's gate.

There is another point exceedingly valuable. It is, that you should not go to church—*Come-outerism.* Unless you can find a church so thoroughly anti-slavery that it has lost all its character, I do not think it is your duty to go to church (applause). I do not think an Abolitionist can go to a decent church in Massachusetts. I am persuaded by the experience of my own life, by my own circle, that it is the man who stays away from the religious institutions of the country, who really arouses the public sentiment of his time. If there is a man who goes regularly to church, in his own town, and that church is not an out-and-out, radical, *disgracefully* anti-slavery church, I warn him, that if he devotes six days of the week to rebuking the clergyman for his short-coming, and teaching his fellow-worshippers where they are not right, it is not worth the dust in the balance if he goes to meeting on Sunday. If you will only salve over the conscience that you are beginning to arouse, by sitting in the pew your fathers occupied, and looking *up* to the clergyman who you do not think does his duty, it is all they ask of you. You need not pay a cent of his salary; you may oppose him all day long; no matter! Go to church, and your example is broken of its influence. Nobody at a distance knows of it; the avalanche has not fallen—the decisive word is not spoken—the great protest is not made; the only thing the religious world cares for is not done; that is, Stand aside! Practically declare to the church, "You are not fit to be even entered!"

I heard Salmon P. Chase say, last week, in his address to the students at Dartmouth, that, knowing what he did of Washington, after six years' experience, he never had had a hope, and had not the shadow of a hope, that freedom would triumph in Kansas and Nebraska. He said, if Massachusetts, New York and Ohio could not redeem Kansas, she was irredeemably lost—she could not save herself. Long John Wentworth, who was present from Chicago, said that he did not doubt that Douglas would go back into the United States Senate from Illinois. No; slavery is too strong for half-way measures. We have talked, and argued, and illustrated our principles so long, that the public mind recognises that slavery is a sin, that to help it is a wrong; the only thing needed now is, for Abolitionists to say, "Thou art the man!" It is the *application* of a principle that has always turned the world upside down. Paul did not say anything new in abstract principle, nor did our Saviour; it was the application of the principle that upset the Jewish world. This is just what, at the present day, we need here. The world, in general, allows us our principles. We want to apply them to the Constitution of the United States, to each church, to each party, to each great man, and each law. Be known by your *action!* That is the necessary cross that every Abolitionist who is to do any good has to take up. If there is a man who has sinned, whether in the pulpit or in Congress, we are to drag him to his legal responsibilities, if it be possible; but if the law is inefficient, we are to whip him with the scourge of truth, and we are to see to it that History visits him with her red and fiery indignation—the undying record of his crime. It is only by this method—by this *personality*, if you choose to call it so—by this close, every-day application of principle, that the Abolitionists will ever be able, as I think, to do any good.

I listened to Mr. Chase, a week ago, at Dartmouth College, when he pledged himself, when he asked those who heard him to pledge themselves, to what? We stood under the stately elms of the old College—the moon shone down upon us—it was a solemn hour, almost up to midnight; the young men were roused to extraordinary enthusiasm by the presence of a man who stands out prominently, in a political sense, before the nation, and he said—"Gentlemen, I pledge my life, I ask you to pledge yours, to this—No slavery—*no slavery*—outside the slave States." (!) That was all! "O, lame and impotent conclusion!" No slavery, any more than there is! No extension of it—no growth of it! No slavery anywhere, except where the slaveholders have expressed a wish to have it! (Laughter.) What sort of a motto was that for a life? What sort of a principle to stir up enthusiasm against wealth, ideas against institutions, feelings against law, money, army and navy, office, government, and old habits? When a man takes ideas with which to tear down institutions, he must take them in the full swing of sanguine enthusiasm for an absolute truth; not one of geographical limits, not one of constitutional limits, but a wholesale, outspoken principle, that swings the whole universe through, and finds no exception. Mr. Chase will do nothing with that principle—that is, he will do nothing at present. He went on to praise Mr. Daniel Webster and to laud the Constitution of the United States; pulled down with one hand and built with the other. If the two or three hundred young men whom he addressed ever stand face to face with the Constitution of the United States, and if one out of the whole shall trample upon it, instead of swearing to support it and praising it, as he did, that one man will be a better leaven to the moral life of the community in the midst of which he lives than a hundred such as Mr. Chase, though he be Governor of a State like Ohio; for, after all, it is *conscience* that is the only living power against such an institution as slavery. It is not expediency; it is not by showing that it is not profitable nor safe. Whenever slavery is met, and met efficiently, it will be met at the North, by a sanguine, reckless enthusiasm, as regardless of consequences as the slaveholder alway is.

Why is Kansas a failure, as a free State? I will tell you. You sent out there some thousand or two thousand men—for what? To make a living; to cultivate a hundred and sixty acres; to build houses; to send for their wives and children; to raise wheat; to make money; to build saw-mills; to plant towns. You meant to take possession of a country as the Yankee race always takes possession of a country, by industry, by civilization, by roads, by houses, by mills, by schools, by churches; but it takes a long time—it takes two centuries to do it. While these men were cutting down and building, planting wheat for the harvest, writing to their wives and receiving letters back, erecting saw mills and putting up log huts, the Missourian, who cares nothing for huts, nor saw-mills, nor wheat, nor profit, but who carries his bowie-knife on one side and his pistol on the other—the Missourian, who is here to-day and gone to-morrow, stamps the institution of slavery on the country, while the Yankee is getting ready to be comfortable. And you expect such men to fight the vagabond Missourian, whose bullet is his title, who, provided he has rum and powder, cares for nothing else! The Yankee nation, in the end, will beat the bullets; school-books, houses and mills, will outdo bullets; but they want time. You cannot spare it in Kansas. The men who wanted to be comfortable were not the men to fight that battle. The men that would go without sleep, or sleep in a tree or under it, cared nothing for houses, never had a wife nor wanted one, never expected to own an acre of land and did not care for it, who went out for the fun of the thing—if you could have got five thousand Yankees of this description to go there, you might have had a chance; but you sent farmers to fight bullies, you sent men of thought and industry, who planned for the future, and held civilization in their laps for coming generations, and expect them to dispute their way inch by inch with the bowie-knife and revolver. It cannot be done! The moment you throw the struggle with slavery into the half barbarous West, where things are decided by the revolver and bowie-knife, slavery triumphs. The age of bullets is over, for any permanent effect; but what we want is the battle fought here, where civilization has won her position, and can make herself felt. What do I care for a squabble around the ballot-box in Kansas? It is but the remotest branch of the tree, so light that a squirrel's weight will break it down. I want anti-slavery at the root, at home—in Washington, Boston, New York, Utica, Cincinnati, where the wealth and strength and control of the country are. When you get that, you have triumphed. Like Napoleon, we must let the outskirts of the opposing army take care of themselves, and strike our blow at the centre. If there is a pro-slavery college, we will either make it disreputable, or we will get possession of it, and refuse an Honorary Degree to Samuel A. Eliot, hang him up as a trophy, and tell him that he must repent in public, that he must take a white sheet and walk down State street. Repentance at home will not do for a sin that was perpetrated in broad day-light (applause). That is doing anti-slavery work.

Mr. Phillips then briefly alluded to the political aspect of the times in this Commonwealth, cautioning the Know-Nothings not to be so much know-nothings as to renominate Gov. Gardner, and in this connection alluded in the following language to a gentleman well known and deservedly esteemed in the community:

"There is the man, Sir, from whom you read a letter just now (J. A. Andrew, Esq.) I hope to live to see the day when we shall put that man into the office of Chief Justice of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts (loud cheers). When that is done, we may all of us take a little rest, knowing that a fugitive slave will not be carried out of the Commonwealth until every ingenious dodge of the law has been tried to keep him here; until one of the acutest lawyers of his age has exerted all his ingenuity in creeping through the statute, no matter what Congress has made it" (applause).

Mr. P. concluded his speech as follows: Let each man stagger ahead until he is stopped. Stagger ahead, disobeying laws, trampling under foot Doctors of Divinity, flaring every man's own sin in his face, believing that no scoundrelism is necessary, repudiating the American doctrine that every thing is right that succeeds, and soon we shall have a beautiful community here; a community of men, who, if they do not know Constitutions, know their own rights and their own duties, and out of this chaos of individual conscience will arise a Constitution which every honest man will love to swear to, beautifully proportioned, and which our children will venerate, and under which the fugitive slave shall find refuge. When you have struck that blow, you will not have to buy fathers or mothers, daughters or sons. Let Massachusetts walk out of the Union, let Ohio and New York follow her, and throughout the length and breadth of the slaveholding community there will pass such a terror that they will set about a settlement of the slave question, in one form or other, without our help. My hope—yes! the clouds open before me, it is not a hope, it is an expectation—I *expect* to live to see the day when some one State (I do not know which—I hope it will be Masschusetts) will arise, shake the dust from her garments, and walk out of this Union, swearing to do justice between man and man in her territory. The moment that is done, I believe you will hear from the Congress of the United States—ay, from Southern men, too—a proposition to grapple with this slave question, in order to save the Union. The South knows its value, and when convinced, by some decisive act, that the North values Justice more than the Union, the South will save the Union at any sacrifice (applause).

As Mr. Phillips was leaving the platform, he was reminded that he had not alluded to Judge Kane, whereupon he stepped back and addressed the audience for a few moments upon the recent decision of that Judge—not the man, he said, who killed Abel, but his double-dyed scoundrel namesake in Philadelphia. It was plain, he remarked, that the slaveholders, having conquered in Kansas, had determined on breaking down the principle established by the "Med" case, that a slave *brought* into a free State became free by that act, and establishing the doctrine that slaves might be taken through a free State; and then laws would be passed that they might remain one month, two months, or six months, as it used to be in Pennsylvania and Rhode Island. From this new outrage upon the rights of the North, the speaker derived another argument as to the necessity and expediency of radical Abolitionism. Men ask (said he) where are you going to stop? I do not know. I mean to stagger ahead, in the light I have, until I get to a stopping-place. Americans, when they travel in Europe, say, "Never ask where you may go; go ahead, till you are stopped by a bayonet." So I say, ask nobody's opinion where you are to go; go ahead, wherever the light leads your moral consciousness, in the investigation into your relations to those about you. Never pledge yourselves not to go any further. I was reading the other day an account of the Diet of Spires, where the Protestants took that name. They took it from this circumstance. The moderate men assembled there passed a resolution, in order to gratify the Catholics, that they would never go any further. But Luther, the Elector of Saxony, and others of the Reformers, *came out* from the meeting; they said, "We will not pledge ourselves to that; we will go just where we please; we *protest* against it!" So they were called *Protestants*. That is our course.

This Free Soil is a dead tree like that [pointing to a leafless and withered trunk near the stand]—a certain amount of principle, without any root to it (applause). Anti-Slavery is like that—I hope it will be twice as big when we come here next year; it has got a root deep down in the everlasting convictions of right and wrong. This tree—it spreads its branches wide, welcomes the sun, and laughs at the storm. That is what Anti-Slavery does; it stretches out its arms for your help, looks up to God for a blessing, and laughs at opposition! (Loud cheers.)

A HARD STRAIN AT THE LAW.

The official organ of Mr. Pierce makes a desperately ingenious effort—worthy of the legal acumen of Judge Kane himself—to get rid of the statutes of Pennsylvania, which declare that slavery shall not exist in that State "for any period of time whatsoever." We have seen a great many efforts made by rogues and old offenders to get rid of the plain principles of the law when they happened to conflict with the questionable practices of the aforesaid rogues: in fact, one may see attempts of this kind almost any day in the police and other criminal courts; but few such enterprises have exhibited a more flagrant dexterity than that *The Union* displays in its efforts to shelter Judge Kane. Let us quote its whole argument, to see what it is and get the facts before us:

"On the 1st day of March, 1780, the General Assembly of Pennsylvania enacted a law for the gradual abolition of slavery. The 10*th section* provides:

"'That no man or woman of any nation or colour, except the negroes or mulattoes, who shall be registered as aforesaid, shall at any time hereafter be deemed, adjudged, or holden within the Territories of this Commonwealth as slaves or servants for life, but as free men and women, EXCEPT *the domestic slaves attending upon delegates in Congress from other American States, foreign ministers and consuls, and persons passing through or sojourning in this State and not becoming resident therein and seamen employed in ships not belonging to any inhabitant of this State, nor employed in any ship owned by any such inhabitant: Provided such domestic slaves be not alienated or sold to any inhabitant, nor* (except in case of members of Congress, foreign ministers and consuls) *retained in this State longer than six months.*'

"Now, the conditions of the slave, in order to be excepted from the operation of this law, are:

"*First:* Slaves attending upon delegates in Congress.

"*Second:* Slaves of foreign ministers and consuls.

"*Third:* Slaves of persons *passing through* this State.

"*Fourth:* Slaves of persons sojourning and becoming resident in this State, *provided* such residence does not exceed six months.

"*Fifth:* Seamen on board a certain class of vessels.

"We presume that, upon the authority even of the statute law of the State, it will not be pretended that, while this act was in force, the right of passage was denied to the master with his slave. Indeed, it expressly excepts any such construction, and, even if it did not make such exception, in the absence of any express denial of this right we cannot understand the refinement of legal reasoning which could by implication take away a privilege that existed by long-established custom, or deny the necessary incidents of a domestic institution, the existence of which Pennsylvania, nine years subsequent to her abolition, had acknowledged in becoming a part and parcel of the Constitution of the United States.

"It is contended, however, that a slave brought voluntarily into Pennsylvania becomes *ipso facto* free; and this construction is put upon the law by virtue of the act of 3d March, 1847, generally understood as the act repealing the proviso and exceptions of the act of 1780. It is as follows:

"'So much of the act of the General Assembly, entitled "An Act for the Abolition of Slavery," passed 1st March, 1780, as authorizes the masters or owners of slaves to *bring* and RETAIN such slaves within this Commonwealth for the period of six months in involuntary servitude, or for any period of time whatsoever; and so much of said act as prevents a person from giving testimony against any person whatsoever, be, and the same is hereby, repealed.'

"This Act applies only to that exception in the act of 1780 which allows the *bringing* and *retaining*, which was not Mr. Wheeler's case. It is absurd to argue that the passing through is the retaining there for a short time, and that the retention for *any time* whatsoever is unlawful, and therefore the slave free. Such might have been a legitimate construction were it not certain that the act of 1780, in one clause, excepts the *passing through*, and in another excepts the *retaining;* and the act of 1847 only repealing that clause which relates to the *retaining*, no man unbiased by prejudice would contend that it refers to the clause relating to persons clearly in a state of transitu. Had the Legislature intended any such construction, they could easily have said as much. But having the act of 1780 before them, and only repealing two clauses of the proviso, the most legitimate construction is, they intended those clauses not mentioned in terms in the act of 1847 should remain in full force; and one of the clauses of the act of 1780 gives to all persons the right of passing through the State with the slaves."

The italics here are those of *The Union*, yet do not help out its conclusions. What are the simple facts of the Pennsylvania legislation here described? First, by the law of 1780, no man or woman of any colour or nation could be held as a slave or servant for life, within the territory of the Commonwealth; secondly, except two classes of domestic slaves which are enumerated, namely, those attending upon Members of Congress, foreign ministers, consuls, and persons passing through or sojourning with no view to residence, and slave seamen employed in ships not belonging to any inhabitant of the State; thirdly, the law provided that these slaves were not sold to any inhabitant or were not retained in the State for a longer period than six months. All this, it seems to us, is as clear as language well can make it. There could be no slaves in Pennsylvania, except a certain sort in attendance upon various sojourners, and these could not be retained beyond six months.

But in March, 1847, the Legislature passed an act repealing these exceptions with the proviso, and leaving only that part of the original law valid which prohibited all slavery. This act said that so much of the law of 1780 as allowed the owners of slaves to bring and retain them in the Commonwealth for the period of six months, *or for any period of time whatsoever*, was cancelled. As if to render all doubt upon the subject impossible, it declared emphatically that the domestic slaves formerly excepted could not be retained, not merely for the six months mentioned in the original, but for any period of time whatsoever—six days or six hours.

It is a piece of transparent and contemptible special pleading in *The Union*, then, to contend that this repeal applies only to a single clause of the old law, namely, to the clause about *retaining* slaves in the State, and not to the whole class of exceptions. Now, the only clause which refers to the *retention* is the Proviso, and, according to *The Union*, this alone was repealed! Suppose it to be so, and then we have the very singular state of things that an amendment intended to limit the operations of a previous law positively enlarges them! If the Proviso of 1780 alone is repealed, it follows that all the "domestic slaves" which might have been brought into Pennsylvania and retained for six months under the old law may now be brought and retained all their lives! The Proviso was a restraint upon the exceptions, and, being repealed, is no longer a restraint, so that the exceptions remain in all their force. Any Member of Congress, Foreign Minister, person passing through, or sojourner, therefore, might hold his slaves in the States, not for six months only, but as long as he pleased. How preposterous such reasoning!

The law of 1847 expressly applies to the bringing in and retaining of slaves within the Commonwealth "for any period of time whatsoever," and covers all the cases excepted under the law of 1780, namely, "domestic slaves" in attendance on Members of Congress, foreign ministers, consuls, persons passing through, sojourners, and seamen not

KANSAS LEGISLATION.

DEATH FOR HELPING MEN TO FREEDOM!

THE following report and bill are a specimen of the legislation of Atchison and his gang of ruffians, now playing the fool at Shawnee Mission:

"The Committee on the Judiciary, to whom was referred a bill entitled 'A bill to punish persons decoying slaves from their masters,' respectfully report, they have had the same for some time under advisement, and, recognising the correctness of the provisions of the act, but one question has occupied the attention of the Committee, and that is the character of the punishment prescribed in the bill. At first presentation of the subject, there was an apparent severity which seemed not to be in consonance with the crime, and viewing the offence in the light of grand larceny alone, the genius of our institutions, and the prejudices of the day in which we live, at once discard so extreme a punishment.

"But when we view the offence in its peculiar bearings upon our institutions at this particular time, it assumes more the character of treason against the laws than an ordinary crime which but affects the parties immediately interested, or in the immediate community in which the offence may have been committed, and may, in its incendiary tendencies, lead to consequences of the most fearful character, as well upon our political as social institutions. It is an offence, the frequent recurrence of which, we may well imagine, might light the bonfires of civil war, and result in bloodshed more fearful than a thousand murders. We are, therefore, in view of this, prepared to sanction the penalty of death, and most respectfully recommend the passage of the act.

"All of which is respectfully submitted.

"R. R. REES, Chairman."

AN ACT to punish persons Decoying Slaves from their masters.
Be it enacted by the Governor and Legislative Assembly of Kansas Territory:

SECTION 1. If any person shall entice, decoy, or carry away out of this Territory, any slave belonging to another, with intent to deprive the owner thereof of the services of such slave, or with intent to effect or procure the freedom of such slave, he shall be adjudged guilty of grand larceny, and, on conviction thereof, shall suffer death.

SEC. 2. If any person shall aid or assist in enticing, decoying, or persuading, or carrying away, or sending out of this Territory any slave belonging to another, with intent to procure or effect the freedom of such slave, or with the intent to deprive the owner thereof of the services of such slave, he shall be adjudged guilty of grand larceny, and, on conviction thereof, shall suffer death.

SEC. 3. If any person shall entice, decoy, or carry away out of any State or other Territory of the United States, any slave belonging to another, with intent to procure or effect the freedom of such slave, or to deprive the owner thereof of the services of such slave, and shall bring such slave into this Territory, he shall be adjudged guilty of grand larceny, in the same manner as if such slave had been enticed, decoyed or carried away out of this Territory, in such case the larceny may be charged to have been committed in any county of this Territory into or through which such slave shall have been brought by such person, and, on conviction thereof, the person offending shall suffer death.

The correspondent of the *St. Louis Democrat*, writing from Shawnee, says of the above bill:

"During my absence last week, a bill making negro-stealing a capital offence was passed by the Council, and is now in the hands of a House Committee. When it is recollected that in such cases the evidence of negroes is admitted, this act will excite wide-spread astonishment. The lives of no citizens are safe against the hate of any slaveholder who chooses to instruct his negroes to commit perjury. Unless extraordinary pains are taken in trials for such cases, this act may yet lead to many cold-blooded official murders."

FREE NEGROES IN KANSAS.

The following bill, concerning free persons of colour, was before the Kansas Legislature, on the 3d inst.:

SECTION 1. Be it enacted, &c., That free coloured persons who carry arms are expressly directed to carry with them a certificate of a Justice of the Peace attesting their freedom, for want of which they shall be subject to the forfeiture of their arms.

SEC. 2. The different crimes and offences, herewith particularly described, are hereby declared to be capital crimes; that is to say, that if any slave, free negro, or mulatto, shall maliciously burn or destroy any stack of grain or produce, raw or manufactured, of this Territory, or shall set fire to, or shall wilfully or maliciously burn or destroy any building or house, or shall wilfully or maliciously poison or maliciously administer poison to any freeman, woman, child, servant or slave, or shall commit or attempt to commit a rape upon the body of any white woman or girl, this slave, free negro, or mulatto shall suffer death; and if any free man of colour, as aforesaid, should maliciously steal or harbour any slave, he or she shall suffer death.

SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of all notaries, or other public officers, not to pass any act wherein any free person of colour may be concerned without inserting after the name and surname of such free person of colour these words: "f. man or f. woman of c."; it likewise shall be the duty of all printers and auctioneers who give public notices, the object of which is to announce the sale of some property belonging to a free person of colour, to comply with said formalities under the penalty, for the delinquent, of paying a fine of $100, one-half of which shall be to the benefit of the informer, and the other half to the use of the State.

SEC. 4. If a free person of colour insult or assault and beat any white person, such offender, on the conviction of either of said offences, shall be punished by imprisonment, or thirty-nine lashes on his bare back, or by both, at the discretion of the Court, according to the enormity of the offence.

SEC. 5. No slave shall be admitted as witness either in civil or criminal matters, for or against a free person of colour, except in case such free individual be charged with having raised, or attempted to raise, an insurrection among the slaves of this Territory, or with taking part in their insurrection, either in acting or by assisting or aiding them.

SEC. 6. No free negro or coloured person who shall have been convicted of any crime and sentenced to serve a term of years shall be imported or brought into the Territory; and if any such should be brought, they shall be seized and sold to the highest bidder, for cash, for the same term of service that they have been condemned to serve from whence they have been brought; one-half of the purchase money to be applied to the use of the Territory and the other half to the use of the informer; and every person who shall import or bring into this Territory such free negro or coloured person who shall have been condemned as aforesaid, knowing it, shall, upon conviction before any Court of competent jurisdiction, be fined in the sum of $500 for each and every one; one-half thereof to be applied to the Territory and the other half to the use of the informer.

OATH OF OFFICE.

An act is before the Legislature of Kansas Territory regulating oaths, and prescribing the forms of oaths of office. The substance of this act is, that all officers of the Territory shall take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, to "sustain and support" the provisions of the Kansas-Nebraska act, and the laws of the United States, particularly that "commonly known as the Fugitive Slave law."

SLAVE-CATCHING PERILOUS BUSINESS.

A LEGAL DECISION TO THAT EFFECT.

THE other day we gave a case of Life Insurance, which illustrates the murders committed on fugitive slaves in North Carolina. Since then, another case of Life Insurance has come to our knowledge, which shows what the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania thinks of the business of slave-catching—or slave-taking, to use the milder phrase of the learned Judge. It is reported in the twenty-first volume of Pennsylvania State Reports. It seems that one William Callender obtained a policy of insurance on his life for the sum of $5,000, at the Keystone Insurance Company, of Harrisburg, on March 26th, 1851, about noon. He left Harrisburg on the same day, and died, in his own house, at York, during the following night, of arsenic, which he had purchased on the forenoon of the same day. His administrator, suing on the policy, it was proved in behalf of the company that he represented, when he procured it, that his business was that of a *farmer*, and evidence was given that he was concerned in hunting runaway slaves. One witness stated that he would not take a person at any rate if it was known that he was engaged in slave-caching—that it was a more perilous occupation than farming—and the person engaged in it was liable to be shot down or assassinated. Chief Justice Black, in delivering the opinion of the Court, said:

"It was shown, on the trial, that the assured had not for many years been a farmer; that he had been at Wilkesbarre in search of fugitives, and had gone to Hagerstown to bargain for the apprehension of others; that he was at Harrisburg in pursuit of negroes, whom he spoke of running over to Frederick without a warrant. In short, the evidence is very strong that, for some months, at least, previous to his death, he was habitually and very diligently occupied at the business. But what is more still to the purpose, he told a person at Hagerstown, a few days before he effected the insurance, that he was engaged in that business, and had a man at Harrisburg who knew all the slaves that ran away from that part of Maryland. This is said to be frivolous, and so insufficient to establish the fact that the Court ought not to have permitted a verdict to be given on it. We are not of that mind. If the insured, who represented himself to be a farmer, was in fact a slave-taker by occupation, and if the business of slave-taking would expose his life to greater danger than farming, it is not possible to escape the conclusion that the policy was thereby rendered void, since, if it was wilfully made, it was a fraud; and, though made ignorantly or by mistake, it was a warranty by the express terms of the policy."

It is superfluous to add that the verdict of the jury in favour of the company was sustained, both on the ground of the suicide and of the misrepresentation.

Thus ended the life of one of those slave-hunters who have infested the border Counties of Pennsylvania, and whose race is fast passing away. With self-murder in his heart, and a lie on his lips, he purchased a policy which proved to be as worthless as his life. Then, driven to desperation, as he looked back on his devilish career, and forward to the retribution which awaited him, he went unrepentant and unsummoned into the presence of his Maker. To the steadfast Quakers of Pennsylvania are we indebted for the decision of the Supreme Court which renders the life of a slave-hunter as valueless as it deserves to be.—*Boston Evening Telegraph.*

UNMANLY.

COL. FULLER, of the *New York Mirror*, has an undoubted right to "go in for rum and niggers" as fiercely as he likes. He may be anti-prohibitionist and Union-saving to his full content, write his leaders in terrible red ink, and mend his pens with a bowie-knife if he likes. We do not quarrel either with his sanguinary or his lachrymose sentences. He enjoys them very much, for it is impossible to persuade ourselves that so good a fellow can be serious either in his belligerent or tender paragraphs. We like to hear Northern men talk of fighting just as we enjoy the protestations of Mobile lawyers against collecting the debts of Massachusetts merchants.

Everybody who knows a Lima from a French kidney bean, knows exactly how much value to put upon such talk. But we do *not* like, and Col. Fuller will permit us to say so, derision and ridicule heaped upon the negro race after the fashion of the *Mirror's* Thursday account of the Staten Island celebration. A Southerner of any sort of decency would be ashamed to utter such language. Slavery, he might say, was "right," and "scriptural," and no infernal Abolitionist should meddle with it; but he would admit that a company of white men, of the same class and station in life, could not have celebrated any public day with half as much good order, propriety and happiness. We might, perhaps, except the Germans on their musical pic-nic, but neither Patrick, John Bull nor Jonathan ever did issue from the city of New York in a miscellaneous crowd on a holiday occasion without drunkenness, rioting and brutality. Perhaps the *Mirror* may not see anything but the ludicrous in the commemoration, by a party of negroes, of a great delivery of their race. We presume that the Eunuchs of Pharaoh's household made merry at the observances of the Hebrews under the shadow of the Pyramids. Egyptian gentlemen of "property and standing," no doubt, had some curious comments to make upon the curve of the Israelitish nose and the fullness of the Israelitish life. The pictorial editors of that day, doubtless, dealt in a little lively caricature of the oppressed and down-trodden, and thought it an amusing circumstance when a Hebrew baby was found floating among the bullrushes of the Nile. Thus they went their way blindly along the path that led them all proudly and stubbornly down into the depths of the angry Red sea waves.

Ridicule has been called the test of truth, but he who uses it to expose fallacies does it at his own peril. If there are no fallacies, it disgraces him who uses it. The muddy jests at Christianity have fallen off and left its pure white garment stainless, but they have sadly sullied the hands that flung them. But we say it is especially an unmanly argument when used, not toward an adversary, but toward a weaker party who cannot return the scoff. Pitch into us, Colonel, if you will. Turn our paragraphs inside out, point your prettiest paradoxes at our weak philanthropy, as you would call it, prove us traitors to the Union, and, with Rhadamanthine sternness, adjudge our final doom, but do be fair enough to hit one of your size. Don't go for a victim to the poor, hard-working, good-natured and peaceable negro, who has but one holiday in the whole year. Your brother Brooks, who has fought an Archbishop and has some pluck, takes Garrison and Phillips (either of whom could straighten him out with a litle finger if they thought him game worth their notice); but you, you must descend to squibbing boot-blacks and waiters, who can't either make speeches or write leading articles.

It is time that this sort of petty malice was done away with. The question before us is one of serious import, a question of constitutional rights and a nation's happiness. We respect the honest Southerner who differs from us in his interpretation of the meaning of our national compact. We do not look for nor do we meet, either ridicule or abuse of the slave from him, nor do we believe that he vents his anger against the North upon the poor fellows who are at work in his fields. He is too much of a gentleman to hit poor black Tom or John for another's offence. But you, Colonel, were less magnanimous. Don't do so again, and remember when you fling that sort of mud again, that it is only "*fuller's* earth" and cleanses whatever it falls upon.—*New Bedford (Mass.) Mercury.*

[For the *Mirror's* articles, alluded to above, see Pro-Slavery head, on first page.—EDS. STANDARD.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1855.

ENTIRENESS OF BEING AND ACTION.

THERE exist, every one knows, in our nature these two elemental forces, instinct and principle. In some persons, the one predominates; in some, again, the other. To those of the one class, men of sober principle may seem cold and powerless; to those of the other, men impelled by instinct may seem heated and destructive. Inertness is the peril on the one side; rashness on the other. Where the balance is well kept, principle developes wisdom and constancy, while instinct excites action and imparts intensity. They are like the chemical elements of the air, constituting its natural and healthful state by their harmonious combination, but in their separation, and acting as severed powers, unnatural, unhealthy, poisonous.

Unhappily men are quite disposed to hold them apart. Nay, the process of disintegration is carried so far that we find men on both sides valuing themselves on their exemption from what seems to them the viciousness of the quality which they reject. The man of instinct and impulse takes delight in working onward to his goal and his prize, despising the slow, toiling, heavy plodder; and the man who plumes himself on his characteristic of principle maintains full stoutly that if slow, he is sure; that his thought and judgment are worth ten-fold his rival's unthinking speed: not he who runs fastest at the start shall reach the end of the race quickest, but he who husbands his strength, and so comes out in good health, where another breathes hard and is worn out by violent exertion. Very well; but to do anything at all, both must have some strength and some vitality; body must have soul, soul must have body.

Nowhere more clearly than in the movement toward the termination of American slavery has this fact, or rather this law, this natural and organic law, of human activity, been illustrated and its importance proved. How many whom the instinct of freedom, awakening sympathy with oppressed millions and indignation against their oppressors, called forth into efforts for emancipation, but, after zealous action for awhile, some new impulse in other directions, or the natural subsidence of impulsive emotion, withdrew from the conflict! How many whom, on the other side, a principle of reason, of conscience, of religion, acknowledging the injustic of slavery, its impiety to God, its disobedience to the highest law, its contradiction of evident truth and invasion of unquestionable right, drew to the advocacy of freedom, but without inspiring the enthusiasm which alone could make the principle alive and active! Could these opposite elements have been brought together, and the harmony completed in their mutual interpenetration, neither the impulses of political excitement nor the repulsions from what appeared extravagance, nor the dogmatic impositions of religious sects, nor yet the apathy into which roused feeling so readily sinks, would have drawn from the ranks of the Abolitionists so many with whom they once walked, and converted them at last—such cases are not unknown—into enemies of their persons and, perhaps, defamers of their doctrine.

We need not refer to this with any word or tone of complaint. We bring forward such defections not to reproach the individuals, nor yet to vindicate ourselves, but simply as illustrations of a moral law. We look at them simply as the scholar, studying geometry and its applications, looks at the diagrams which he has drawn upon the board or paper, that he may the more readily understand and go through his demonstrations. We see by the demonstration of fact that the instincts of freedom, of sympathy, of indignation, are insufficient to hold in fidelity to the work even the spirit which they have roused. By the same process of demonstration we find equally that passionless principle—judgment or conviction shrunken into opinion, and opinion fading into forgotten speculation—is equally insufficient; if the one passes with flashes of fever, the other wastes and expires with a palsy or a lethargy.

It shows us just the thing we need, not for success only, but for action, principle alive with instinct, instinct steady with principle. The action is as the agent. The word is as the speaker. The method is as the man who adopts and pursues it. Nor, indeed, is it even so much the thing consciously spoken or done as the unconscious power from which it proceeds that produces the effect. When a man walks, he may scarce think of anything which carries him over the ground but the movements themselves of his body. But really the blood and its circulations, the heart and the lungs, the unseen movements which draw in and give out the air, and thousands of kindred operations, all secret and unthought of, go to make up the power in which he takes if it be but the shortest step. Just so throughout all moral and religious processes. The unseen elements are sources of vitality and effort to the visible movement; and they give, moreover, their qualities and character to the movement. Thus an instinct will organize an instinctive form or agency; a principle will organize a form or agency like itself; the one severed from the other will give its own maimed and mutilated figure; the two penetrating each other, as harmonious elements, develop the system of living power and progress.

Wholeness is wanted, not partiality. The man is wanted, not the fragment of the man; the man, bearing in his soul, bodying forth in his deed, speaking in his word, all generous instincts, all true principles, consecrating them and consecrating himself to the service of justice and, let none think it either too serious or too superstitious to be added, of the Being whose law is justice, as his essence is love.

We know full well, for we have been told of it so many times, and in so many varieties of phrase, that we should be stupid if we had not learned it thoroughly, that the majority of our countrymen and the predominant spirits in our churches, in our colleges, in our legislatures, in all circles of wealth and fashion, and almost everywhere else, esteem and pronounce us partial, one-sided, limited to one idea, and, as substance and summit of all reproach, fanatic. Aye, that is the word, fanatic! So let it be. We need not retort the imputation. We need not censure those who despise us and our cause. We need not so much as speak any word of apology. There is a great work before us; there are mighty energies demanded to accomplish it; the trust is solemn and divine which has been committed to us. The answer to reproach and railing, let it be silent devotion of our whole being to humanity. That will acquit us ultimately; rather that will justify itself, for our persons are not worth thinking about in the great peril and the great hope; that, maintained without faltering and without abatement, will make the issue sure.

This may be considered a sort of homily to our brethren, many of whom, we cheerfully confess, may have laboured longer and with larger harvest than we can boast. If, then, in approved sermon-style, we should now draw toward an application, perhaps we might state it under some such heads as these:

First. The final abolition of slavery must be the result of a moral power in society so great that slavery shall fall subdued before it. There must be introduced into our country such a divinity of justice and of mercy, such a form surcharged with the electric force, the celestial fire, of virtue, that the demon shall seek to escape the presence, and from the verge of his pretended heaven cast himself down headlong to his own abyss. The Apostolic tradition must be verified; the shadow cast in the sun by the truth walking through our land, such its power from on high, must cure and raise up all on whom it falls. We must ask anew for the Messiah, whose hand shall touch and remove pollution, whose word shall pronounce sin forgiven and take its power away, through the very hem of whose garment virtue shall go forth to revive and bless humanity. True, thorough, Divine Virtue must work out the redemption.

Secondly. To secure this great issue, there must be the cooperation, nay, more, the communion, of many persons combining the accumulated force of the various elements of their being. Their instincts and their principles, their feelings, their thoughts, their impulses, their words, their deeds, all transfigured, illumined, hallowed by trust in the Eternal and by love to man, must become attractions, not repulsions, and establish a fraternity of souls living and acting with harmonious power; not drawn, like our mechanisms, by some separate and foreign strength, but, like the mysterious wheels in the vision of the old prophet, moving by the spirit within them, whithersoever that spirit goes. Over shields and helms, cast down and abandoned by the dark hosts which bore them in their hour of exultation, the triumphal chariot advances, and suffering men arise, redeemed, ennobled, forever blessed and blessing.

Thirdly. As from these views we derive the conclusion that the real power of the movement toward freedom is the perfection of virtue which it brings into action, and as this virtue, gathered into the whole, is but the amount of that which individual souls have attained, so, finally, the life of this, as of every human enterprise, flows entirely from the private heart. Every pure instinct cherished and carried out, every high principle accepted and faithfully maintained, every sentiment of genuine piety, every kindly affection, every virtuous deed, each and all, are agents for the redemption of mankind; and as the soul approaches toward the fulfilment of its infinite aspiration, it becomes, however unconsciously, a vital influence, an integral and immortal power, of the Most High.

KANSAS.

MR. DAWSON having declined the appointment of Governor of Kansas, the office has been conferred by the President upon Wilson G. Shannon, formerly Governor and late member of Congress from Ohio, who has already departed for the Territory. The character and antecedents of Mr. Shannon leave no room for doubt that he will be the willing tool of Stringfellow and Atchison.

A letter in the *Evening Post* gives an account of a meeting of the Missouri ruffians, held at Weston after the receipt of the news of Dawson's appointment as Governor. Excitement ran high, and the talk of multitudes was openly in favour of disunion. Stringfellow made a speech, in which he said—

"He did not know the new Governor (Dawson); but Pierce was a coward, and had not the nerve to appoint a man who would do the South justice. For instance, he had appointed a Southern man to govern Nebraska, where slavery could not naturally go, while in Kansas, which is of the South, he has given us a Northern man. Men who come here from the Northern States, professing to stand on the principles of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, were asking to make the Territory a den of thieves and a harbour of Abolitionism."

The writer in the *Post*, dating at Kansas City, says:

"I have just met at this place a gentleman who informs me that, as he was returning from a visit to Shawnee Mission, in the public stage, he entered into conversation with Rees, Easton and Lowe, the two former, members of the Territorial Council, and the latter, Clerk of the House, and was told by all that if 'Dawson conducted himself right, perhaps he might get along, although they were down on any man but a Southern man; but if he attempted to carry out Reeder's policy, they'd murder him, by G—d.' Thus, you see, the plan of operation with reference to the new Governor."

The *Chicago Tribune* states that the plan of the Administration, as disclosed by John Calhoun, the President's Surveyor General of Nebraska, is, not to endorse slavery in Kansas by legislative act until the period intervening between the Presidential election next year and the 4th of March, 1857. Mr. Calhoun recently declared that this plan was disclosed to him by Atchison, who assured him that, in this matter, the Missourians yielded to the judgment of their Free-State friends, who recommended (the Hon. S. A. Douglas among the number) that the question should be suffered to remain open until the Presidential contest could be decided, for the reason that the North could, meantime, be pacified by assurance that Kansas would finally escape the infliction of the curse. The paper above alluded to says it has proof that Mr. Calhoun made this statement respecting his interview with Atchison to a distinguished citizen of Illinois; and it avows its belief that the leading Nebraska men of the country are privy to this arrangement; at least, it is Atchison's boast that he is backed up by friends in every State in the Union, slave and free.

JUDGE KANE'S DECISION.

THE Decision of Judge Kane, in the Wheeler Slave Case, committing Mr. Passmore Williamson, on the charge of contempt of Court, is a document which will one day be regarded as a barbarism of the nineteenth century, should it be preserved for the criticism of a wiser and better generation. The virtuous indignation against injustice, and, especially, against the violation of human rights, the holy horror of falsehood and equivocation, and the respect for law, which it expresses, are really remarkable, and would be surely refreshing to an honourable mind, unacquainted with the facts of the case. But in every such mind, acquainted with those facts, this decision must excite only indignation and contempt; or, perhaps, there may be added, pity for the Northern *freeman* who could stoop *so low*, to become a vassal to the Southern Slave Power. One of the most remarkable features of this decision is, its assumption that the woman, formerly Wheeler's slave, but, at the time of the rescue, as free as Judge Kane himself, did not desire her freedom, and was forcibly abducted from her *master*. Now, putting aside the testimony of those who heard the woman declare that she did wish to be free, Judge Kane has delivered up too many fugitive slaves to their pursuers not to know that the desire to escape from slavery is very common among slaves, and that they are apt to avail themselves of their opportunities for such escape; even if he is incapable of appreciating that love of freedom, and horror of being enslaved, which is native in every human soul. Does any slave-hunter in full cry after his victim, does any slave-catching lawyer who pleads against that victim, does any recreant clergyman who preaches that slaves are happy and content, and desire not freedom, does any newspaper editor who repeats the stale lie with his pen, does any Judge or Commissioner who delivers up a slave to his tormentors, *believe* that he desires his fetters and his servitude? Does any person of common sense suppose that they so believe? A judicial decision based upon such a figment as this, must necessarily be absurd.

Another striking point in this decision is the professed ignorance of its author respecting the laws of Pennsylvania. He says he that knows "of no statute of Pennsylvania which affects to divest the right of property of a citizen of North Carolina, acquired and asserted under the laws of that State, because he has found it needful or convenient to pass through the territory of Pennsylvania." By this circumlocution the Judge means that he knows of no law in force in Pennsylvania which would deprive a slaveholder of his power to hold his slaves on her soil, after he had voluntarily brought them thither on his passage to another place. If this is not his meaning, his remark is irrelevant to his argument. Such a defence of his course is, certainly, made at an expense of his reputation for legal knowledge which one would scarcely have expected in a lawyer and judge. Yet, in the very next sentence, he incautiously permits the truth to appear that, after all, he has some idea of the existence of such a law, by expressing his doubt of its validity, should it be shown.

Perhaps Judge Kane is also ignorant of the fact that slaves carried into a free State, and taken back to a slave State by their master, have sued for and obtained their freedom, before a Southern Court.

Another point cannot escape the especial notice of the attentive reader. The Judge says that he waives "the inquiry whether, for the purposes of this question, they (the ex-slaves) were in the territorial jurisdiction of Pennsylvania, while passing from one State to another, upon the navigable waters of the United States"; but adds, that his first impressions, upon this point, are adverse to the argument. One might fairly infer from this clause that Judge Kane had not the slightest idea that these persons had ever set foot on Pennsylvania soil; notwithstanding Wheeler's statement, before the Court, that they spent some hours at Bloodgood's hotel, in Walnut street, and notwithstanding the fact, well known to the Judge, that their route from Washington to New York lay through the heart of the city of Philadelphia. Taken in connection with the stern disapproval which the Judge professes to feel towards the falsehood and evasion charged upon Mr. Williamson, this talk about "passing from one State to another, over the navigable waters of Pennsylvania," is contemptible.

The whole decision would furnish a rich text for an able reviewer, and, doubtless, it will be thoroughly criticised, as it deserves. The reader may well be surprised to find that Judge Kane ventures to allude, in its close, to "an infinitely higher tribunal," or that he should admit such a subject to his thoughts at a time when he is defying the holy principles of justice and right, and perverting law, to shield wrong. M. G.

LETTER OF SYMPATHY TO PASSMORE WILLIAMSON.

PHILADELPHIA, August 8, 1855.

THE original copy of the following letter of sympathy to Passmore Williamson, from the Society of Progressive Friends in Chester County, was placed in his hands in the Moyamensing Prison, to-day. If all the churches, of every denomination, in Pennsylvania, were as prompt to utter their voice in favour of the right as the Progressive Friends, there would be a public opinion before which Judge Kane would quail and no locks or bars avail to keep Passmore Williamson in prison. And what is that church good for which, at a crisis like this, has no word of rebuke for the judicial oppressor and no heart to sympathize with his victim? Is it not destitute of all savour of Christianity, and fit only to be cast out and trodden under foot of men?

"The Monthly Meeting of the Religious Society of Progressive Friends, meeting at Longwood, Chester County, Pennsylvania, Eighth month 7th, 1855, to PASSMORE WILLIAMSON, now incarcerated in jail by Judge Kane of the Supreme Court of the United States, for alleged contempt of Court:

"DEAR FRIEND: We feel it a duty owing to our sense of justice, and as a testimony in favour of Liberty, Honesty and Truth, to address thee words of sympathy and consolation in thy present position. Knowing how stealthily the spirit of slavery advances wherever opportunity offers, and having witnessed how men in office have in past times pandered to the Slave Power, hoping thereby to mount to wealth and influence, we are not surprised to hear of this present stretch of the assumed power of the law, by one of its highest officers.

"We believe, inasmuch as the woman Jane Johnson and her two children were free in every respect before God and man that thou cannot be said to have at any time possession of their bodies, and therefore thy response to the writ of habeas corpus was true. We believe the officers of justice are placed in power to carry out the *spirit* as well as the *letter* of the law, and, inasmuch as we conceive Judge Kane has neglected the spirit of the law and taken opportunity to bring a truth-loving citizen into confinement by an arbitrary and uncalled-for interpretation of the law, we desire to express our abhorrence of the act, and to assure thee that thy conduct meets our warmest approbation. Hoping that no immediate apparent advantage will induce thee to waver in thy course, for we feel assured that the sentiment of justice existing in the community will sustain thee and give a lesson worthy of remembrance to those in high places who forget their duty to God by neglecting their duty to man, we subscribe ourselves affectionately, on behalf of the meeting, thy friends and the friends of the human race,

"CALEB JACKSON,	MARY ANN JACKSON,
JOSEPH A. DUGDALE,	RUTH DUGDALE,
ISAAC MENDENHALL,	DINAH MENDENHALL,
THOMAS GARRETT,	MARY C. WILSON,
WILLIAM BARNARD,	PRISCILLA BARNARD,
ROBERT LAMBORN,	MARY P. WILSON,
THOMAS CURTIS,	HANNAH COX."

We observe that Dr. Pennington's Church (coloured Presbyterian) in this city has also addressed a letter of sympathy to Mr. Williamson, and to the coloured men indicted for aiding in the rescue of Mrs. Johnson and her children.

The Norristown *Olive Branch*, of the 8th inst., after describing a visit to Mr. Williamson's cell, and paying a proper tribute to his character, says:

"Even the slaveholders—the more noble specimens of them—cry shame upon the outrage. They say Wheeler recklessly threw away his property by bringing it to a free State, and he is not deserving of pity if he should lose it. Mr. Williamson has been visited by a Carolinian, himself a slaveholder, who severely denounced the course of Judge Kane.

"Mr. W., for the last week, has had the privilege of walking in the corridor, though the associations are not very pleasant in the large hall. Oaths and rude treatment of rude men to ruder women are not very pleasing to a refined mind.

"Mr. W. manifested no bitterness even for Judge Kane, but calmly awaits the healthy throb of public sentiment. The false impressions which were at first made in reference to Mr. W. are being rapidly replaced by the strong undercurrent of truth—a current which will soon swell into a flood, and if Kane is tardy in doing justice will sweep him from his seat and drown him in its depths.

"Noble men and women of Pennsylvania, it is for you to say how long an innocent man shall be imprisoned for a righteous act—under a pretence, too, which could imprison any one of you. If we will allow such acts of judicial despotism to go unrebuked, our language is: 'Fellow-slaves, our chains are cast; the manacles are upon our wrists, the gyves upon our ancles.'"

The *Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican* says:

"Passmore Williamson, who committed a contempt of Judge Kane's Court, by telling the truth in it, is about 35 years of age, and has a wife and two children. He is described by his friends as a man of integrity and courage—neither rash, selfish nor fanatical—and will show a firmness that will do credit to the best age of martyrdom. This is the man whose term of imprisonment is only limited by the will of Judge Kane. The people have been getting the impression for some time past that our Courts need modernizing. A few such cases as this of Williamson will induce the people to take the regulation of court etiquette and court rules into their own control. An oligarchy of judges with absolute power over the personal liberty of the citizen is not the most desirable form of despotism."

The *Fayetteville* (N. C.) *Observer*, in an article on the case of Mr. Wheeler and his slaves, says: "No man who carries his negroes into a Free State is deserving of any sympathy in his loss. He invites it, with an assurance that the invitation will be accepted."

THE REAL CRIMINAL IN PERIL.

WE copy the following from *The Pennsylvanian* of Monday. The groans of that paper are music in our ears. The editor is evidently in ill humour, which, considering the state of public opinion in Philadelphia, is no matter of wonder.

"Colonel John H. Wheeler left the city of Philadelphia on Saturday morning. He has been here since the 18th day of July, the day on which he was assaulted and robbed by Passmore Williamson, and twenty other negroes, who forced his servants out of his possession on board the steamer Washington. He had scarcely left the city when a man named McKim, accompanied by an Abolitionist lawyer named Earle, and another negro, called Still, presented themselves at the office of Alderman Hibbard, and made the following affidavit, which is copied as it stands upon the Alderman's docket.

"'The information and complaint of William Still, who, being affirmed does say, that John H. Wheeler did, on the 18th day of July, 1855, violently and tumultuously seize upon Jane Johnson and attempt to carry her away contrary to her wish, claiming her as a fugitive from servitude or labour; and that he attempted to carry away said Jane in a violent, tumultuous and unreasonable manner, contrary to the act of Assembly of March 3, 1847, in such case made and provided; said John H. Wheeler is also at the same time charged with assault and battery on the person of Jane Johnson aforesaid, and with an attempt to kidnap the said Jane Johnson against the aforesaid act of Assembly.

"'Affirmed and subscribed before me this 11th day of August, 1855.

"'WILLIAM STILL. WILLIAM S. HIBBARD, Alderman.

"'Commonwealth vs. John H. Wheeler. Warrant issued—August 11, 1855.'

"Upon this affidavit, a warrant was issued, directed to the Constable of the ward, authorizing the arrest of Mr. Wheeler. The constable being unwilling to serve the warrant, a willing instrument of the misguided amalgamationists was found in the person of policeman Seed, a Know-Nothing and Abolition officer of Robert T. Conrad, our Know-Nothing and Abolition Mayor of Philadelphia. Why this warrant was not issued until it was generally known that Mr. Wheeler had left, in the pursuit of his public duties, no one but some of the band of lawless fanatics who infest and disgrace the city of Philadelphia, can tell.

"For our part, we regret that the warrant had not come sooner, and we also regret that Mr. Wheeler has left the State, and perhaps the country. If he has not left, we trust he will permit himself to be arrested by these men, for we foresee much good is to result from such high-handed, illegal and unwarrantable proceedings.

"We presume it was for this object that the money we have heard so much about, was subscribed along Market street, by several merchants who do a large business with the South. If so, there are responsible parties to look to, and in addition to the claim which will shortly, we understand, be brought before the Circuit Court of the United States for the value of his slaves, and damages for the outrage upon his person, Mr. Wheeler will have another action, cognizable in the same court, for conspiracy and malicious prosecution.

"This last resort of the negro mob to annoy an unoffending citizen, only shows the desperate lengths to which deluded monomaniacs will go for the accomplishment of their purposes."

BEHOLD THE DIFFERENCE!—Rev. A. T. Foss, in his speech at the Abington celebration, illustrated the moral blindness and indifference of the Orthodox Church of New England to the sin of slavery, its hardness of heart in respect to the woes and sufferings of the slaves, and its criminal complicity with the worst defenders of slavery, by a comparison, the force of which must be seen, felt and acknowledged by every candid and impartial mind. After asking if Dr. Lord (President of Dartmouth College) had been turned out of office for his blasphemous affirmation that slavery is a Divine institution, Mr. Foss said he recollected that, about twenty years ago, there was a Professor at Dartmouth College by the name of Hale, who was an Episcopalian, and the College was entirely under the control of the Orthodox Congregationalists. This Mr. Hale considered it his right and privilege to maintain an Episcopalian prayer-meeting, and read from Episcopal books, and did so. But the authorities of the College went to work and abolished his chair, and so he had to leave; and when he had gone, they reestablished the chair, and put a man of their own creed in it. Then, again, in the same College, at a later period, there was a Professor by the name of Crosby, who became a Universalist, and he was disposed to use his influence, as he had a right to do, for the promotion of his peculiar religious opinions. The authorities did not stop to abolish his chair—they turned him out, square and flat. Now, Dr. Lord comes out and says Almighty God is the author of slavery; that He has shown his love for slavery both in natural and revealed religion; he has gone as far as man has ever gone, and uttered as foul blasphemies as ever came up from the seared heart of a fiend. Would the Presidential chair be abolished to get rid of him? No: he would be sustained, for the men who had the control, the men of influence, were in the same category. He would remain there to influence the minds, as far as he could, of four hundred young men. It is not so great a crime to defend slavery from the Bible as to be an Episcopalian or Universalist, in the estimation of Orthodox New Hampshire!

HOUSES MORE SACRED THAN MEN!—Rev. A. T. Foss, in his Abington speech, said he would read to his audience a precious morceau that had come under his notice, to show the estimate put upon humanity at the South—and at the North too, for the feeling was not very different at the South from that in the North. He then read the following extract from Prentice's *Louisville Journal*, in reference to the reported sale, by James B. Clay, of his father's house at Ashland, in order that the timbers might be made into walking-sticks and snuff-boxes—the proceeds to be distributed in charity:

"If Mr. Clay wished to be charitable, he should have used for that purpose some other portion of his legal property. He could have given his money, or he could have sold some of his land, or his cattle, or his crops, OR HIS NEGROES (!!). *But never, O! never, should he have disposed of the lumber of that glorious old mansion*" (!!!).

That, said Mr. Foss, was the religion, that the humanity of the South. The old lumber in Henry Clay's house, the hemlock, the spruce, the pine, and the oak, is of more value than human beings! If he wanted to be charitable, let him tear away the babe shrieking from its mother's bosom. If he wanted to be charitable, let him break the bond of marriage between the husband and wife, and sell them apart, never to meet again. If he wished to be charitable, let him take immortal men and women, and sell them for money, and devote that money to charity. But never, O! never, let him take the hemlock, the spruce, the pine and the oak of Henry Clay's old mansion!—that wood is of more value than immortal man!!

The North felt that the Constitution and the Church were very much like Henry Clay's old building—that they were of more consequence than the immortal souls of our coloured brethren. They felt that it was better that the slaves should remain in bondage than the Union be dissolved, or the Church broken in pieces. That the Constitution may be preserved in all its integrity, let the negro slave be ground to powder!

THE *Boston Atlas* waxes fanatical with a rapidity which makes Boston Hunkerism turn pale with amazement. It even treats with irreverent contempt the awful threat of the Rev. Dr. Breckinridge that the slaveholder, in a certain contingency, will cross Mason and Dixon's line and give the rebellious North a taste of blood. Here is what it says:

"The letter of the Rev. R. J. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, to Hon. Charles Sumner is a really curious specimen of that beligerent united with what mariners call "the bloody politeful." The Rev. gentleman is alternately attracted by Mr. Sumner's talents and repelled by his treason; so that his epistle is a curious conglomeration of soap and sarcasm. But what is most important is the sort of anile Cassandra cry with which Mr. B. (having caught the military spirit of the age) predicts a bloody hand-to-hand fight between the North and the South. He warns us that unless we keep quiet, our peppery brethren will be after us with the very sharpest of sticks—will, in fact, invade the North and teach us prudence and good manners by cutting our throats. Mr. B. goes into details, and in an unspeakably irascible manner, plans the coming campaigns, pointing out that at the end of every one of them, the North will be left most disgracefully thrashed upon the field. Mr. B. is not prophetic to the extent of informing us who is to be the Ajax of this free fight; but the present military talent in the employ of the South is not of an order to frighten us entirely out of our cuticles. If Frank Pierce is to lead these rampant and dev

we are so selfish out here, we cannot lay aside our quarrels long enough to unite on this great question. We never will be able to exclude slavery by our own vote, for that reason.

When I left home, I expected to find the "salt of the earth" here, but, instead of that, I have found the scum. I never met with worse people than I have seen here, although there are some good people. But honesty seems to be a thing almost unknown or uncared for. Law is prostrate, and rogues roam at large. Still, there are some good things here. There is very much freedom from restraint in religious matters—considerable radicalism on the subject of theology. I should say that "reformers" were plentier here in Lawrence than in any Eastern town of its size. Temperance and the Water Cure are very popular; but good water is at a high premium. We have to lug our water from a few tiny springs in the ravines, one-fourth of a mile from my house. The stream from one of them is about the size of a very large knitting needle, and hundreds of people spend an hour every day in waiting for water. As to Temperance, we are about to call a meeting of the citizens of the town for them to vote upon the question, "Whether liquor shall be sold or not?" One rumseller has quit in advance, and the liquor of another has been emptied upon the ground. We have liberal preaching every Sunday P. M., in the open air, and meetings in halls of a more orthodox stamp. Not one-fourth of the population, I should judge, attend church regularly. Two of our store-keepers and our City Register are regarded as preachers. We have a large post-office, with over 100 boxes for letters, and a mail three times a week. We have three mills now in operation and a fourth going up; but, still, lumber is very scarce, and is worth $35 a thousand. We have plenty of rain, and vegetation is rapid. But my sheet is full, and I will desist.

Yours for the slave, C. STEARNS.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CLXXII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent dasheth the hopes of the Editors—He is Epic no more—He followeth General Edmands into private life—He alludeth to his different ways of attacking life and making charges—He visiteth the Field of Quincy—He bewaileth the vanished glories thereof—But rejoiceth over Mr. Adams's discomfiture—He promiseth future Epics—He descendeth to Earth—To Jamaica—To Abington—He commendeth the Clerk of the Weather—And the President of the Day.—He demandeth Justice for him—And doth the same to his own magnanimity—He describeth the scene—And distinguisheth as to dancing—The other Speeches—Mr. Clarke and the Skeleton in our House—Cromwell's skull—The Correspondent on Politics and Feline Saltation—On the building of Platforms—On Paddyphobia and Fusion—On loaves, fishes and scramblers—He taketh ground against Gov. Gardner—He commendeth him to the Hospital of Incurables—And why, &c., &c., &c.

BOSTON, Aug. 13th, 1855.

HOPE not again, O friends, for Epic strains such as resounded through my last Epistle and stirred your souls as with the sound of a trumpet. The Major-General hath sheathed his sword and returned to his gallipots again. The activity of his practice against human life may be intense as ever, but it hath changed its field. Instead of detailing plumed troops to administer powder and pill at the musket's mouth, he distributeth the same by the less splendid, but no less deadly, intermediation of an errand-boy. Instead of making charges against the enemy in the field, he contenteth himself with making them against his customers in his ledger. I passed by the scene of his glories but the other day. The storm of war had passed away from the quiet plains of Quincy. Peace had reassumed her sway. "The thunder of the captains and the shouting" was heard no more. But its wholesome memory survives. "The past, at least, is secure." Never will the town of Quincy forget the debt it owes to the gallant defenders of the soil and the blessings they brought in their train. And the degenerate Adams, who, forgetful of the traditions of his house, refused them a place whereupon to stand when they turned the world upside down, he mourns in vain his ravished shirts, torn from him by the avenging Nemesis which ever hastens after the footsteps of crime. Never, ah, never will he see those white-winged ministers again! They have gone to help form the trophy of the hero's triumph. Be Treason ever punished thus!

No, my theme must be pastoral only, this time, I fear. An Epic, as you know, is the Phœnix of poems—"a secular bird" that appears only one at a time and with ages between. So you cannot expect, even of me, such a contribution to the world's literature, oftener than two or three times a year. I will only engage that no opportunity of reciting the deeds in arms of the Sims Brigade and of the Burns Guard shall ever be pretermitted by me. I will keep my harp continually in tune and Pegasus always ready saddled and bridled for a start, whenever the Muse shall bring me a tale to tell. I must now come down to the humble story of the First of August. I was glad to see by the last STANDARD what a good time you had at Jamaica—a fitting place to celebrate West Indian Emancipation—on the First. We had a very excellent one, also, at Abington—as is, indeed, our wont. The day before had been so intemperately rainy that we had fears lest our usual good luck might forsake us and the Clerk of the Weather turn hunker to disoblige us. However, we did him injustice, inasmuch as he furnished us with one of the best of days, well washed and aired, so as to be at once clean and dry. Perhaps, had he made his good intentions manifest the day before, we might have had a rather larger company from the city. Still, of those who walked by faith instead of sight, and who got their families and their baskets in readiness in the fulness of their belief, were enough to fill five or six long railway carriages, so that we were a goodly company of ourselves, even before the Plymouth train came in and the neighbourhood began to pour itself upon the ground from ten miles round.

When the Meeting was opened, there was a large assemblage, which continued to increase throughout the day. Your late Corresponding Editor was called to the Chair and made the opening speech—which I need not characterize further than to say that it was worthy of himself. You will see a sketch of it in the *Liberator*, and you will please to observe that the Report is parenthesized with frequent and interjectional ("cheers"). This would at once settle the character of the Oration did it need any encomium besides the name of the Orator. I must, however, in due observance of that historic fidelity which it is my pride to maintain inviolate, observe that I did not myself hear these explosions of uncontainable delight. It was my impression that the audience gave his speech rather the mute testimony of emphatic silence. But, then, it is likely that I was so absorbed and carried away by the *afflatus* of his eloquence that I was insensible to external circumstances. But this as it may, I have long thought that very imperfect justice is done to that gentleman's merits as an Orator—as to others I might name who seem to be shut off the platform by a conspiracy of the more pragmatical speakers—and I am happy to find that they were appreciated on that occasion. And this I say, notwithstanding the reasonable complaint I have had so often to bring against him for taking to himself the credit of my letters, relying on my forbearance and resolute *incognito*. Messrs. Foss and Remond followed him in the morning, in two very excellent speeches in their several styles.

The scene during the recess was exceedingly pretty and picturesque. The groups sitting under the trees, inviting all passers-by to partake of their basket and their store, harmonized charmingly with the natural beauties of the place—which can hardly be exaggerated. The boats which were gliding around the peninsula, all the time, afforded a variety of amusement to those fond of the water. The Abington Band added to the pleasure of the day by their excellent music. There were pleasant walks and mossy seats in every direction, inviting exercise and rest. A rumour prevailed that there was dancing on a floor built expressly for indulgence in that vanity (not for this occasion, observe); but, if there were, the *floor* must not be confounded with our *platform*, which is strictly non-committal as to all such extraneous matters. And, certainly, if there was ever a day on which it would be allowable to dance, like David, "before the Lord," that day is the First of August. In the afternoon, a very interesting speech was made by Mr. J. B. Swazey, of Newburyport, a member of the Essex Bar, who had just refused to qualify as a Justice of the Peace for Suffolk, because of the Oath to support the Constitution of the United States. Mr. Swazey spoke earnestly and eloquently, like a man that had formed his own opinions and dared to publish and maintain them. Mr. Phillips followed him, in a speech of great power and beauty, and the Rev. James Freeman Clarke and the Rev. Samuel May, Jr., ably finished off the session.

Mr. Clarke made an illustration of the value of the Glorious Union to us at the North, which struck me as witty as well as wise. He said the Queen of Spain had lately made the Pope a present of a magnificent tiara, blazing with gems and gold. His Holiness, to show his estimation of the gift, returned it by one which he, doubtless, thought an ample equivalent. It was the skeleton of Saint Somebody (I forget his saintly name) of high rank in the Calendar. This the Queen gratefully received; but Her Most Catholic Majesty would have esteemed it yet more had she not had already in Spain *three* authentic skeletons of the same Saint! So it is with us, was Mr. Clarke's Improvement. The North has given the South the material gift of her physical protection and moral countenance, she restores her fugitives and gives her political supremacy in virtue of her slaveownership, and in return the South bestowed on her, in 1850, the dry bones of a Union, dead and rotten, and several of which we had already on hand. I am afraid I have spoiled the story in the telling; but it was a very good one as he told it, and, as Mathews used to say, "it made a great laugh at the time." The miraculous multiplication of the "canonized bones," in the Saint's case, might be explained as was the size of Oliver Cromwell's skull in Horace Walpole's story. When the visitor expostulated with the showman that the skull in question could not be Cromwell's, because it was too small, as Cromwell had notoriously a very large head, "That is very true," replied the other, "but this was Cromwell's skull when he was a little boy."

Political affairs in this State are beginning to excite a good deal of speculation. The Know-Nothing Council recently held at Springfield was regarded with much interest, as likely to indicate the direction in which the political Grimalkin was going to jump this next autumn. It was hoped it would adopt such a platform that all the enemies of the Administration, because of its pro-slavery villanies, might unite and form one solid column against it. Those of this way of thinking hoped that the Anti-Slavery part of the platform would be made the front part of it, where the speakers stand and which shows the most. Then they might dovetail in what Native American lumber they liked, allowing all that mounted the platform to plant themselves on that part of it, or not, as they liked best. But the composition of the Council, by fortune or by fate, was largely Hunker. And so the platform was made primarily and chiefly Anti-Paddy, and secondarily and subordinately Anti-Slavery. The Anti-Slavery part was well enough, compared with what other parties have said, and would have been a satifactory basis for a Fusion with the Anti-Slavery fragments of other parties. But the mischief was that they required the acceptance of the whole as the *sine qua non* of cooperation. A Committee was appointed to chaffer with the owners of the other parties and see whether a satisfactory *trade* could be come to. We are now anxiously waiting the action of this Committee. It is very likely that nothing will be heard from it again. It is not probable that the men who have not the Paddyphobia very bad will care to go into Convention with men foaming at the mouth with it, as is proposed, and cast their lot with them. They will, probably, wait to see what nominations the Know-Nothings make and either set up opposition candidates or not, as the case may be. But then it is hard to help make the fire at which the Know-Nothings are to bake their break, without the hope of so much as a crust of it. The trouble is that the Know-Nothings are confident of their sufficiency to carry the State by their own unassisted might, and, with the natural affinity of political parties for the loaves and fishes (only five of one and two of the other, and what are they among so many?), they do not care to have the crowd of hungry scramblers for the same inconveniently large.

I trust that all honest men who have any spice of Anti-Slavery grace in their composition will refuse to come into any arrangement which will recognise Mr. Gardner as his own successor. They will deserve any amount of disappointment and disgrace they may meet with if they consent to such insensate and asinine folly. If they have not learned wisdom enough by the experience of the last winter to refuse to give an absurd adventurer the power to knock themselves on the head, they will deserve all they will get. Let the Know-Nothings proper have all the credit they can get from him. The victory of the allied forces of the Webster Whigs, Pierce Democrats and Liberal Rumocrats were better than such a success. There is a story that Mr. Damrell, the Member Elect of the Fourth District (I believe it is), of which Gov. Gardner is now a resident, is so ill that he will probably have to resign his seat before he takes it. In which case it is suggested that Governor Gardiner may be substituted for him. It would be humiliating, perhaps, to those who think highly of such dignitaries, to see Henry J. Gardner in the seat of John Quincy Adams. But it is wise to put a mischievous animal where he will do the least mischief, and on this principle I should much rather see Mr. Gardner relegated to that Hospital of Incurables, than at large in the Council Chambers of this State. And so I shall advise the Know-Nothings, if they ask my opinion. What they had much better do, and abide by it. D. Y.

Our Philadelphia Correspondent.

PHILADELPHIA, August 13th.

THE counsel for the five coloured men and Passmore Williamson were notified, on Tuesday afternoon last, that that case would come on the next day but one for trial, if the Grand Jury should find true bills. This was short notice; but immediate measures were taken to hunt up testimony, and otherwise to be in readiness. On Wednesday, the Grand Jury found true bills against the persons mentioned, and also against Wm. Still, Clerk in the Anti-Slavery Office. Mr. Still did not wait for a warrant, but went forward voluntarily and entered bail, J. M. McKim becoming his security.

The case was called—in the Quarter Sessions, before Judge Kelley—about 1 o'clock on Thursday; but, as there had been no time to make the necessary preparations, the counsel for the defendants stated that they were not ready, and asked for a continuance. This was resisted, not on the part of Mr. Mann, the acting States-Attorney, but by Mr. Vandyke, Mr. Wheeler's special counsel, and Mr. Webster, recently appointed Commissioner of Claims, whom Mr. Vandyke had taken in to assist him. Mr. Still and James Martin, two of the defendants, declared under oath that they could not safely go to trial on account of the absence of material witnesses, and Mr. McKim, who was called to the stand for the purpose, deposed that he had telegraphed for certain witnesses in New York, who had not come on, and whose testimony, in his judgment, was important. The counsel for Wheeler stated that that gentleman would leave the country on the 20th inst., and that witnesses from a distance were present, who ought not to be required to come again, and for these reasons they urged that the case should be brought on immediately. To have granted this would have been to take the defendants at a great disadvantage; this, both the Judge and Mr. Mann, the acting Attorney for the State, saw and conceded. The latter made no objections to the postponement, but rather the contrary, and the former adduced other reasons besides those mentioned for yielding to the request. Accordingly, the motion was granted, and the case was continued to the 27th inst.

Speaking of Judge Kelley reminds me to say that *The Tribune*, which is generally read by the subscribers to THE STANDARD, did injustice to that gentleman, unintentionally, of course, and from want of knowledge of all the facts, in some remarks which it made in reference to his course towards the coloured men when they were up before him on *habeas corpus*. I forget what, precisely, the remarks were, and have not the paper near me to refresh my memory, but their substance was, that Judge Kelley evinced a want of judicial independence, and showed a timidity if not a deference for the Kane sentiment prevailing around him, unworthy of one in his position. This was said, I apprehend, from a want of knowledge by the writer of all the facts in the case. Judge Kelley's conduct is not viewed in this light by the friends of the prisoners, or, so far as I know, by any others in this city. On the contrary, his course in this whole matter has given full satisfaction. On the bench he has been fair, and off the bench I understand he expresses himself in terms of unhesitating condemnation of Judge Kane's whole procedure.

The fact is, if I am rightly informed, there is the utmost unanimity among people of the legal profession, in this city and out of it, in the opinion that Judge Kane has acted in this matter illegally, unjustly and tyrannically. You have seen the article which appeared in the *North American*, under the signature of "G. M. S." These are the initials of Judge Stroud, of the District Court, who is known to be the author. Judge Thompson does not hesitate to declare that Judge Kane had no jurisdiction in the case, and that his course was without law and against law, from the beginning to the end. Indeed, it is said that there is no man of any legal eminence, in this city, whether on the bench or in practice, who does not take grounds against Judge Kane's decision.

This is certainly a most unenviable position for any man to stand in. And how Judge Kane is to extricate himself, or be extricated by his friends, is still as much a question as ever. As I said, it is Judge Kane and not Passmore Williamson that is *in limbo*. In committing Mr. Williamson, he turned the key on himself, and now finds that he is in the narrower cell of the two, the prisoner of his prisoner. The difference between the two is that the latter is believed to be an innocent man, and a martyr to his principles, while the former stands convicted, by the verdict of his peers, of injustice and tyranny, and has a mark set upon him which, as sure as his name is Kane, will follow him to the end of his career.

You see I allow myself to speak on this subject with great plainness. I do so because I believe that I have a moral and legal right to do so, and because, in my judgment, the occasion calls for it. I have been, in times past, among my anti-slavery friends, an apologist for Judge Kane. I have been disposed to ascribe his offences in the matter of the Treason charge, the case of Hannah Dellum, &c. &c., to other causes than that of moral turpitude; but now, when he overrides all law and decency, and precedent, and that for the purpose of surrendering a freed woman and her children to the tender mercies of the slaveholder; and when, to accomplish this purpose, he sends an innocent and honourable man to prison, and that man my own personal friend; and when, in addition to this, heaping insult upon injury, he forgets the Judge and becomes a partisan, and seeks to fasten upon this innocent and honourable man, my friend, the imputation of a base immorality—being nothing less than that of *perjury*—and actually causes his name to be published throughout the length and breadth of the land as guilty of this crime; what law is there, of morality or courtesy, which would compel me to speak of these outrages with bated breath, or to hold back the fullest expression of my opinions, either as to the character of the man or his act? This is all the remnant of liberty that is left us, to denounce the acts and publicly criticise and expose the character of those who tyrannize over us. How long we shall be permitted to enjoy this privilege is a question which wise men might do well to ponder. If the doctrines of Judge Kane are to prevail, and his acts to be drawn into precedents, our time is short, and it becomes us to make the best use we can of what remains to us.

Judge Kane is a public man. His acts are public, his offences are public, his character is public, and all are liable to public review and criticism, to any extent within the limits of decency and the truth. These are my reasons for the freedom of expression which I have allowed myself in these letters. In justice to myself, allow me to say, before I leave this point, that if any of my remarks have been understood to reflect upon private individuals, parties not publicly connected with this transaction, they have been *mis*understood.

I said in my last that a public meeting was in contemplation for the purpose of giving expression to some of the indignant feeling that prevails in the community. A preliminary meeting was held for this purpose, and as many as a hundred of our most substantial citizens were present. A committee of nine persons was appointed to have the matter under advisement, to adopt measures at their discretion, and report at a future meeting, to be called by them. That committee, I understand, are taking the necessary steps; and that there will be a public demonstration of the right kind soon, there is every reason to believe. It is not intended to be an anti-slavery demonstration, but one in which all honest citizens and honest men can act irrespective of their views on the slavery question.

There will be, however, an anti-slavery demonstration against this and all other outrages growing out of our slave system, at Norristown, on the 30th inst. This is the meeting of which I spoke last week. It will, we expect, be a large meeting, will be addressed by earnest and able speakers, and will last, probably, with intermissions, from 10 A. M. till 10 P. M. Shall we not have the pleasure of seeing at least one of the resident editors of THE STANDARD present on that occasion? M.

PEN AND INKSTAND.—Persons who write, whether it be much or little, are prone to complain of their pens. Quills are too much trouble to make; steel is too sharp and not pliable enough; and gold pens, though the best, it has been difficult to find to suit. Inkstands, however, generally escape blameless, though the cause of more than half the trouble. Many a pen that has lost its character might be a respectable pen still but for the bad ink, bad by nature, perhaps, still oftener bad by exposure, which an open-mouthed, dust-catching, thirsty inkstand has imposed upon it. The thing has been improved upon in various ways, by ingenious people who saw partly where the sad difficulty lay. But it is at last got rid of by a man with that boldness which always characterizes genius. He declares the inkstand altogether a nuisance, and abates it accordingly.

The "Fountain Pen" is not merely a pen of the best sort, and made to suit all "hands to write," but is an inkstand also. The holder is not larger, though a trifle longer, than an ordinary pen and pencil case, and holds all the ink that a constant writer needs for several days. It needs a little care, on laying it down, to keep it always in readiness for use, not requiring that the inkstand shall be found first, perhaps emptied, washed out and refilled, before a man can sign his name, or make an entry in his journal. To the man who writes much, and who must, therefore, have the best inkstand kept always in perfect order on his desk; to the man who writes little, but who writes that little at long intervals, and perhaps in a hurry when somebody else is sure to have his inkstand, or else the ink is sure to have dried up; and to the man who travels and must have pen and ink with him, the latter either in his trunk, perhaps in a bottle, perhaps loose among his shirts, or else in one of those vile little screw-tops, which are never tight except when they are empty; to all these, and these are everybody, the Fountain Pen is a comforter and a friend. They are for sale in this city, at the office on the corner of Broadway and Chambers street.

NEW YORK CENTRAL COLLEGE.—The catalogue of this institution for 1854-5 has just reached us. The College is located in McGrawville, Cortland Co., within four miles of the Syracuse and Binghamton Railroad; it has an able board of instructors, including one coloured man (G. B. Vashon, Professor of Latin Language and Literature), and three women (one Prof. of French, one of Rhetoric, the other of Instrumental Music); and it is open to both sexes and all classes, the only requisites being suitable age, a good moral character, and proper literary attainments. There is a farm attached to the College, on which students may labour to such an extent as employment can be furnished, receiving compensation at 6 1-4 cents per hour. The institution has struggled through many embarrassments, but is now in a prosperous condition. The number of students in the collegiate department is 47; in the academic department 180. Total 227, of whom 85 are females.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 586, contains an exceedingly graphic account of "An Ascent of Mont Blanc," from *Frazer;* a Review of Mrs. Austin's Memoir of Sydney Smith, from the *British Quarterly;* Part III. of "Sister Anne"; "A Tale of Jutland" (Danish), and "A King out of Harness," from the *New Monthly;* also various short articles, and, as usual, several fine poems. Boston: Littell, Son & Co.; 12 1-2 cents a single number (64 pp. double column octavo), $6 per annum.

The Una for July contains the first part of Mrs. Caroline H. Dall's translation of "SPIRIDION," a new novel by GEORGE SAND, superior, it is said, to "CONSUELO." If this opinion of the work is justified as the publication goes on, *The Una* may expect a large addition to the number of its readers; a fate which it deserves upon grounds wholly independent of the merits of any novel, however interesting. The paper is published by S. C. Hewitt, 15 Franklin street, Boston, for $1 per annum. Paulina W. Davis, of Providence, is the editor.

MUSIC.—We have received from Horace Waters, 333 Broadway, the following pieces of music, which form a part of his extensive assortment, viz.:

The Old Door-Stone—Song by I. B. Woodbury.

The Swinging Polka, by Thomas Baker.

Kind Words can never Die. Music by the Hutchinson Family.

Jeannie Marsh of Cherry Valley. Song and Chorus. Words by G. P. Morris; music by Thomas Baker.

THE KENNETT SQUARE FREE PRESS is a weekly paper, of moderate dimensions, but very neat appearance, the second number of which has just reached us. Eschewing party politics, the editor proposes to devote his columns to literature, education, general news, public improvements and local intelligence. The number before us encourages us to hope that the enterprise will succeed. B. F. Coles, publisher.

THE PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE, No. II., *for August*, offers a tempting variety of matter, culled with rare judgment and taste, from English periodicals. There are tales, essays, reviews, poems, and a variety of short articles—the whole forming such a miscellany of literary gems as can be found under no other title. Boston: Littell, Son & Co. $3 per annum; 25 cents single number.

THE PROCEEDINGS of the Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, lately held in Chester Co., Pa., contained in a pamphlet of 96 pp., in which will also be found two sermons by THEODORE PARKER, will be sent, post paid, to any one who will forward seven 3 cent postage stamps, directed to Oliver Johnson, Anti-Slavery Office, New York.

Summary.

Forty coloured men of Boston have enrolled their names upon the list of a new military company, of which it is probable that Robert Morris, Esq., will be the commander.

Chauncey C. Burr, a sort of editorial "confidence man," has started a paper in New York, called the "*Nation.*" It is to be more "National" than the *News*. It is to be, in a word, *darnational.—Albany Atlas, Aug. 2.*

It is said that Gen. Cass has somewhere made a short speech. As short and long are ideas of comparison, it is probably meant that the General's speech was short compared to eternity.—*Greenfield Republic.*

Five fugitives from Old Virginia arrived at the house of the station-keeper in this city at about 12 o'clock last night. They are resolute fellows, and came through "on time." The stock in this road is rising.—*Syracuse Chron., 7th.*

RASCALLY CONDUCT.—A poor fugitive slave was detected on board the steamer Louisiana, on a trip from Norfolk to Baltimore. On discovering him, the unfeeling Captain, named Russell, not content with securing and returning the poor negro, had him first dragged upon deck, stripped and beaten!

PATHETIC.—The Rev. Mr. Smitkins, who, by the way, has a holy horror of grammar and orthography, thus describes the "departure" of a "saint." "When I *arrove* at the house of my *diseased* friend, he was *perspiring* his last. I stood by his bedside and said, as he was too far gone to talk, Brother, if you feel happy now, *just* squeeze my hand; and he *squoze* it."

NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY IN NEW YORK.—This Society, which has now prospered for half a century, will celebrate its Semi-Centennial Anniversary in December next, when an Oration will be delivered by O. W. Holmes, Esq., and a Poem by the Rev. John Pierpont.

AN OLD HOUSE GONE.—The venerable old mansion of Henry Bromfield, Esq., at Harvard, was destroyed by fire on Friday afternoon. It was built in 1736, for the Rev. John Secomb, the first minister of Harvard. The house was insured for $5,000.

THE SMITH SCHOOL (established exclusively for coloured children) in Boston is likely to be given up for want of scholars, coloured parents being disposed to avail themselves of the power, given them by the last Legislature, to send their children to the public schools nearest to their places of residence.

A HARDSHIP.—A coloured man arrived at the Cincinnati wharf, a few days since, was afterwards landed in Covington, and taken before the Mayor to decide his right to freedom. He affirmed that he was from New York, and was on his way home. The Mayor sent him back to Paduca for proofs of his freedom.

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—The Norfolk *Beacon* says of this well-managed road: "Again we notice that this line is in operation. On Saturday night, a man owned by Mr. Turner, of the firm of Herman & Co., and negro woman and child of T. Bottimore and Mr. S. Marsh, and a slave of L. Stosser, were induced to take through tickets."

The Winsted (Ct.) *Herald*, says: "The Rev. Mr. Eddy, of Canaan, is reported, at the close of his morning service, last Sunday, to have advised such of his congregation as had hay out, to 'go to work and get it in, for it looked likely to rain.' It reminds one of Cromwell, who told his men to 'trust in God and keep their powder dry.' Practical, and the very best preaching."

A PEACE CONGRESS.—A correspondent of the Washington (D. C.) *National Intelligencer* proposes that all the nations *now at peace* shall hold a Congress "at Vienna or Berlin, or Stockholm, or Madrid, or Washington; and if this Congress finds that peace may be honourably made, the Congress shall prescribe the terms on which it shall be made, and repudiate the belligerents now at war, if they do not make peace."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—S. J. Holley, Esq., of Oswego, is now forming a line of new vessels, to be called the "*Ebony Line.*" One of his new vessels has just made her appearance. She is called the *Gerrit Smith*. Another will be out soon, which will be called the *Theodore Parker*. This will be followed by the *Henry Ward Beecher*. The *Fred. Douglass* and one or two other crafts, with equally appropriate titles, will be out next year.—*Boston Courier.*

A NEW GERMAN COLONY.—On Wednesday last, the propellor Queen of the Lakes took some fifty-five Germans from Chicago, Illinois, as passengers, who are part of a colony about to settle on the Michigan coast, opposite the South Manitou Island. The colony has purchased about 700 acres of land there, and the settlement or town is to be called North Unity. Six or seven hundred Germans are preparing to join the colony, most of them recent emigrants to this country.

APPLE CROP.—Probably the coming crop of apples throughout the country was never before so abundant. In many sections, propping up of the limbs of the trees, on account of the great quantity of fruit, has already become necessary, to save the branches from destruction. On the Western Reserve, farmers have made contracts to sell them on the trees, the buyers to pick them, at six to ten cents a bushel. Throughout the East, where so many thousand barrels were shipped last season, the market will be well supplied from New England orchards. Unless there is a foreign outlet for them, the prices will rule low.—*Rochester Democrat.*

THE ICE TRADE.—According to the August number of *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*, the first cargo of ice exported from this country was shipped from Boston in 1805, by Frederick Tudor, Esq. It was shipped to the West Indies, but, owing to various circumstances, the investment did not prove successful. It was not until 1834 that Mr. Tudor commenced realizing a profit from this business. In 1832 this gentleman, then the only person engaged in the business, shipped from Boston 4,352 tuns. Last year there were sent from there 156,540 tuns. The ice crop in the vicinity amounts to 285,000 tuns.

A HIT AT SOMEBODY.—The New York *Sun* says: "We have heard of ladies who will pay sixteen or eighteen dollars for a new hat in Broadway, and yet cut down to the lowest possible figure the price of work which they give out to poor seamstresses. They will pay five dollars without a scruple for the making of a plain dress in a fashionable Broadway establishment, where girls sew ten or eleven hours a day for three dollars and a half a week; and if they are afterwards obliged to employ an unpretending dressmaker to alter it, they grumble at paying her a fair remuneration for her services. Fashion is a heartless thing, the fruitful source of folly, extravagance and dishonesty."

DREADFUL CONDITION OF MASSACHUSETTS.—A Southern paper now before us, wails dismally over the Wheeler slave case in Philadelphia, and puts all the responsibility o that dreadful emancipation upon Massachusetts—the "seducer" of Pennsylvania. The latter State, the writer thinks, may recover from the outrage, but the Bay State is "a goner." "She is rotten to the core." She was once the cradle of Liberty, but now she *aspires* to become its grave. She is striving to be not only a grave, but "the undertaker" of the States. She is trying to be not only "a grave" and "an undertaker" but "to hang the weeds of the Union upon the eagle's beak." Good heavens, what are we coming to? What will become of us, and what will become of the beak of the eagle?—*Boston Atlas.*

Henry Ward Beecher succeeded wholly, as usual. His oration was so entirely un-Cambridge-Phi-Beta-Kappa like—it was so free, fresh, and genial—that all were rejoiced, as at a new dispensation. Would that the oratory of nature might replace our Cambridge formalism. What is the reason that no man raised at Cambridge can ever speak with a natural emphasis? Why must his voice rise and fall in regular inflections, which have no more to do with the sense than the pitching and rolling of a vessel has to do with its getting forward? Indeed, I am usually made a little *sea-sick* by this pitch and roll of the regular Cambridge orator, and a sensation of great discomfort comes over me; so that when a man talks straight out and right on, like Beecher, it is a relief to both body and mind.—*Bost. Cor. Ch. Inquirer.*

JAMES B. SYME, late assistant-editor of the *Worcester Spy*, died on the 2d inst. The *Transcript* says of him: "Mr. Syme was a native of Scotland, and came to this country several years since. He has been mainly engaged as an editor and reporter, and was known as a writer of more than ordinary ability. He was connected for some time with the *Christian Citizen*, while published by Elihu Burritt, and subsequently with the *Spy*, in the office of which paper he has been employed for four years last past. He was a faithful, upright, conscientious man, highly respected and esteemed in the community; an able writer and indefatigable in the duties of his profession. His sun of life has suddenly gone down at its meridian, leaving his bereaved family to mourn a loss which is to them irreparable, and which is to the whole circle of his acquaintances an occasion of sincere sorrow."

HON. GERRIT SMITH had a full house on Monday night, and made a clear and compact argument for the fundamental principles of the Maine Law. His main point was the effect of laws in educating the moral sense of the people. He was listened to with the closest attention throughout, and made a strong impression. Some of his positions were enforced with great clearness, and showed of what stuff the opinions of lawyers are made. On the right of destruction as set forth in the new law, Mr. Smith was exceedingly happy. He maintained that liquors held for an unlawful or injurious purpose were not property. They stood in the same light as an infernal machine, or a vessel engaged in smuggling goods, or the famous magazine of powder arranged on a time to blow up the English Parliament. Property thus used to injure others ceased to be property and was destroyed with impunity; and the courts had never punished such destruction.—*Syracuse Reformer.*

FROM LIVERPOOL TO CHICAGO DIRECT.—We have often called attention to the direct route which the free navigation of the St. Lawrence opens for the commerce of Europe with the West. We notice now that the bark Arabia, Capt. Polley, arrived at Chicago direct from Liverpool, on the 2d inst., and, was to leave on her return voyage on the 6th. After crossing the Atlantic, the Arabia passed into the St. Lawrence, and surmounting its rapids by means of the British Canadian locks and canals, entered Lake Ontario, after sailing through which, she overcame some 300 feet ascent by the locks of the Welland Canal, and entered Lake Erie, thence through said Lake, the Straits and Lake St. Clair, Lake Huron and Lake Michigan to Chicago. She overcame the same ascent that is attained through our canals, but without transhipment and without payment of such heavy tolls.—*Albany Atlas.*

GOT ENOUGH.—The Cincinnati *Commercial* illustrates the abundance of the Western crops, by the following anecdote:

"A friend of ours, recently returned from a tour through Northern and Southern Illinois, confirms all the statements hitherto published of the vast grain crops now on the ground, and being gathered in that country. Between St. Louis and Vincennes, a great deal of wheat is rotting on the ground, for want of labour or machinery to secure it. Our informant hailed one well-to-do old farmer, near Carlyle Station, who, though half a dozen plethoric stacks stood guard around his barn, seemed to have abandoned twenty or thirty acres of fine wheat, and asked, 'Why in the world don't you harvest that grain?' 'L-o-r-d,' drawled out the farmer, looking towards the barn, 'L-o-r-d, I've got *enough*.'"

MORE THAN COULD BE EXPECTED.—We learn from the Cincinnati *Herald of Freedom* that the Cincinnati City Council has performed a little act of justice hardly to be looked for in these days of negro hatred and prejudice. The vote of a Mr. Beekly, of that city, was refused last Fall, on account of his complexion. Mr. Beekly determined to maintain his right of franchise in the courts. He prosecuted the Trustees of this ward, and the court decided him entitled to the franchise as a citizen of Ohio.

Subsequently, says the *Herald*, "the Trustees of the ward applied to Council to reimburse them the money they had expended in defending the suit, and the costs which the court has imposed on them, which request was complied with. Mr. Beekly now came forward and asked the Council to refund to him the money he had expended in carrying on the suit, $22.08. Council very properly, under the circumstances, granted his prayer also."

A GOOD PRICE.—The *Evening Gazette* gives the following: "A few months since a lady in this city, on her wedding day, received from a friend in New York a very shabby looking picture, with the wish that it might adorn her parlour. It was so obscure that one would scarcely detect the outlines of the figures which it represented, but on account of the giver, it was sent to be restored. While there, an Englishman saw it, and offered fifty dollars for it, which offer was refused by the lady, on account of its being a gift. The Englishman urged his offer, and, calling upon the lady, said he should regard it as a favour if she would allow him to present her with a hundred dollars, and take the painting. Of course she refused, when he increased his bids gradually from one hundred to one thousand, and finally asked her to set her own price, as it was one of six paintings by Murillo—two of which were destroyed by fire, and three of which were in Europe. So certain is he of this, that he stands in readiness to pay as high as $10,000 for the painting. Quite a pretty sum for a young bride."

MURDER OF A RAILROAD CONTRACTOR.—Mr. A. J. Orr, of Macon, an extensive contractor on the Savannah, Albany and Gulf Railroad, was murdered a few days since, as is supposed, by his own slave, about eight miles from Hinesville, where his body was found on Sunday morning. What leads to the suspicion against his slave is the fact that the last time Mr. H. was seen he was accompanied by his slave, whom he had in custody as a runaway. The negro escaped some time since, and was arrested in South Carolina, whither his master had been for him. Mr. H. not returning as expected, and his overseer learning the fact that he had been seen near Hinesville, had his suspicions aroused that some mishap had befallen him. He accordingly instituted search, the result of which was the finding of the body. The saddle upon which Mr. H. had ridden was found, but the horse and negro were not to be found. The body had also been robbed of a valuable watch and money.—*Savannah Journal, July 30.*

IRISH REMITTANCES FROM AMERICA.—If the emigration drain from Ireland to the United States is being gradually diminished, as no doubt it is, the influx into Ireland of American money, earned by Irish hands, is steadily on the increase. Just take a few figures in illustration of this statement. The number who left Ireland for all parts of the States, British America, and Australia, in the year 1853, was 192,609; whereas the number who left Ireland in the year 1854 did not exceed 150,209. Of these 111,095 emigrated to the United States, 22,909 to British America, and 16,263 to Australia. In 1853 the amount of money sent home by Irish emigrants to their relatives in Ireland, for payment of passages as well as for various other purposes, was £1,439,000; but in 1854 that amount, vast and wonderful as it was, was far exceeded, it having reached to £1,730,000, or nearly £300,000 over what it was the previous year. In the history of the world there is nothing like this amazing proof of the strength and intensity of the feeling of affection and family attachment which has ever distinguished and adorned the calumniated Irish race. —*Cork Examiner.*

MAKING BOOTS AND SHOES BY MACHINERY.—The *Utica Herald* says that, a few days since, a number of Frenchmen were negotiating for the establishment in that city of a manufactory of boots and shoes by machinery. The manufacture of a fine shoe, it is said, will cost but ten cents, and that of a fine boot but fifteen or twenty cents. The Utica *Telegraph* says that the owners are now in Washington, securing a patent for their machine, and it thus speaks of its performance:

"The machine is so perfect that it is only necessary to place in it two pieces of sole and upper leather, and in an incredibly short space of time it turns out a complete boot or shoe, as is desired. We learn that a number of capitalists of this city are negotiating for the purchase of the patent, and that it is their intention, should they succeed in securing it, to purchase the Globe mills, and to convert them into an extensive boot and shoe manufactory, employing some seven hundred hands. A gentleman in this city, now extensively interested in manufacturing, is in New York, negotiating for the purchase of the patent. The machines can be run by women and boys; no knowledge of the present way of making boots and shoes being required."

STRINGFELLOW ON SLAVE PROPERTY IN KANSAS.—We receive letters by nearly every mail asking our opinion as regards the security of slave property in Kansas Territory. We can truly answer that no Territory in Uncle Sam's dominion can be found where the slave can be made more secure or his work command a higher price. Kansas is adapted to slave labour, as all can testify who have experimented in the matter. Our slave population is gradually increasing by the arrival of emigrants and settlers from the Slave States, who, having an eye to making a fortune, have wisely concluded to secure a farm in Kansas and stock it well with valuable slaves. There are nearly one hundred slaves in this immediate neighbourhood, and we have yet the first instance of one's escaping to record. Situated as Missouri is, being surrounded by free States, we would advise the removal of negroes from the frontier counties to Kansas, where they are comparatively safe. Abolitionists too well know the character of the Kansas squatter to attempt to carry out the nefarious schemes of the underground railroad companies.—*Squatter Sovereign.*

SOLEMNITY VERSUS CHEERFULNESS.—In a sermon, delivered by Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, before the Western Unitarian Conference, is the following paragraph: "For my own part, I say it in all solemnity, I have lived to become sincerely suspicious of the piety of those who do not love pleasure in any form. I cannot trust the man that never laughs; that is always sedate; that has no apparent outlets for those natural springs of sportiveness and gayety that are perennial in the human soul. I know that nature takes her revenge on such violence. I expect to find secret vices

Miscellaneous Department.

THE BRIDE.

From "Maud," Tennyson's new Poem.

I HAVE led her home, my love, my only friend.
There is none like her, none.
And never yet so warmly ran my blood
And sweetly, on and on
Calming itself to the long-wish'd-for end,
Full to the banks, close on the promised good.

None like her, none.
Just now the dry-tongued laurels' pattering talk
Seem'd her light foot along the garden walk,
And shook my heart to think she comes once more;
But even then I heard her close the door;
The gates of Heaven are closed, and she is gone.

There is none like her, none.
Nor will be when our summers have deceased.
O, art thou sighing for Lebanon
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East,
Sighing for Lebanon,
Dark cedar, tho' thy limbs have here increased,
Upon a pastoral slope as fair,
And looking to the South, and fed
With boney'd rain and delicate air,
And haunted by the starry head
Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate,
And made my life a perfumed altar-flame;
And over whom thy darkness must have spread
With such delight as theirs of old, thy great
Forefathers of the thornless garden, there
Shadowing the snow-limb'd Eve from whom she came.

Here will I lie, while these long branches sway,
And you fair stars that crown a happy day
Go in and out as if at merry play,
Who am no more so all forlorn,
As when it seemed far better to be born
To labour and the mattock-harden'd hand
Than nursed at ease and brought to understand
A sad astrology, the boundless plan
That makes you tyrants in your iron skies,
Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes,
Cold fires, yet with power to burn and brand
His nothingness into man.

But now shine on, and what care I,
Who in this stormy gulf have found a pearl,
The counter-charm of space and hollow sky,
And do accept my madness, and would die
To save from some slight shame one simple girl.

Would die; for sullen-seeming Death may give
More life to Love than is or ever was
In our low world, where yet 'tis sweet to live.
Let no one ask me how it came to pass;
It seems that I am happy, that to me
A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,
A purer sapphire melts into the sea.

Not die; but live a life of truest breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs.
O, why should Love, like men in drinking-songs,
Spice his fair banquet with the dust of death?
Make answer, Maud my bliss,
Maud made my Maud by that long lover's kiss,
Life of my life, wilt thou not answer this?
"The dusky strand of Death inwoven here
With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more dear.'

Is that enchanted moan only the swell
Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay?
And hark the clock within, the silver knell
Of twelve sweet hours that pass'd in bridal white,
And died to live, long as my pulses play;
But now by this my love has closed her sight
And given false death her hand, and stol'n away
To dreamful wastes where footless fancies dwell
Among the fragments of the golden day.
May nothing there her maiden grace affright!
Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy spell.
My bride to be, my evermore delight,
My own heart's heart and ownest own, farewell.
It is but for a little space I go;
And ye meanwhile far over moor and fell
Beat to the noiseless music of the night!
Has our whole earth gone nearer to the glow
Of your soft splendours that you look so bright?
I have climb'd nearer out of lonely Hell.
Beat, happy stars, timing with things below,
Beat with my heart more blest than heart can tell,
Blest, but for some dark under-current woe
That seems to draw—but it shall not be so;
Let all be well, be well.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

From Wallace's Art, Scenery and Philosophy in Europe.

THE next morning I walked along the gray pebbly shore to the Castle of Chillon. Around its walls the sublime story of Bonnivart casts an interest, before which the sentimental fancy of Byron's tale fades into insignificance. I know of nothing in history so extraordinary as the grandeur of his endurance, except its reward. Chained for six years to the dungeon pillar of a tyrant, he was set free at last by a double revolution, political and religious, which created a republic in the night of despotism, and established Protestantism in the midst of the Romish Church. Could such a daring anticipation have entered into the strength that fortified his heart? Let hope never grow extinct in the spirit of man! If Bonnivart might be delivered, who may not trust to be relieved? The castle stands upon a solid rock, and completely out in the lake, though not now actually surrounded by it, an embankment of stone excluding the water from encircling it upon the land side. A bridge of four or five piers leads over the now dry fosse to the double gates, whose iron gratings still hang there, brown with the rust of centuries. In the middle ages, the Hall of Public Justice, and its important appendage, the rooms and instruments of probation and punishment, which, according to the morality and reason of those times, consisted largely in tortures, were commonly in the same building with the residence of the sovereign. Some of these establishments have been kept up for the curiosity of visiters, and are often referred to for the purpose of sharpening the passions of the day against the cruelty of the despots who ruled in those times. They illustrate, however, the mental views of the age, rather than the mischiefs of a particular government; for they were part of the public law of all countries; and the most revolting display of the system is to be seen in the dungeons of the free city of Ratisbonne, where the inquisitors were not solitary tyrants, but a municipal council of sober and liberal burghers. Chillon Castle now serves as one of the three military magazines of the Canton Vaud; but the apartments in which the feudal severities of the times were administered are maintained with scrupulous completeness by the republican authorities.

Passing through the court-yard, I was conducted to the prison rooms, which are below its level. The first chamber is about eighty feet long, and divided by a row of arches on columns. It formed the hall of the corps-de-garde. The floor, which is covered with gravel, is high enough to allow the lake to be seen through the windows. Beyond it is an apartment twelve or fifteen feet wide, on the inner side of which is a mass of the natural rock rising four or five feet high, and forming by its top a smooth inclined shelf, which follows the dip of the stone, perhaps thirty degrees from the horizontal. According to the explanation given on the spot, this was the couch upon which prisoners were laid after being tortured in the chamber above, and here the sentence of death was read to them. In the next room, which is quite dark, a couple of arches, supported on a pillar, run transversely across the room, and between the pillar and the upper cross-wall is the potence or gallows, a mere beam of wood ten or twelve feet high, with grooves around it, which are said to have been worn by the ropes. Two thousand Jews are reported to have been hanged or strangled here, upon a charge of poisoning the fountains, but really for the purpose of confiscating their wealth. Opposite the gallows hung formerly a picture of the Virgin, on which the dying man might look * * * * * Next is a little apartment enclosing the stone stairs which ascend to the Hall of Justice; and beyond it, through a small door, you enter the principal prison.

It is an apartment about a hundred and twenty feet in length, and divided by a row of round sandstone columns, and double ranges of pointed arches. It bends somewhat towards the other end, to accommodate the circular corner of the castle, and the whole effect, which, architecturally, is very beautiful, exactly resembles the aisles of a church, for which, indeed, it is said at one time to have been used. It is cut out of, or into, the solid rock, which is of a slaty texture, and much inclined. The windows are high, and, though they exhibit large wide openings upon the inner surface of the wall, they narrow towards the exterior, so as to dwindle down to apertures a foot in length by three or four inches in width. It is impossible to see anything through them from the floor of the dungeon; but when the sun is bright at midday, the light is reflected from the lake upon the roof, and is said to show a blue tint; and at certain seasons the horizontal sun finds its way in. When the water of the lake is high, as it was in 1846, the prison is below its surface; ordinarily, however, it is not so.

In one of the central columns is the ring to which Bonnivart was fastened by a chain about four feet in length. The holes worn in the rocky floor by his stern, solitary pacings are still perfectly distinct.

> Let none those marks efface!
> For they appeal from tyranny to God!

A channel, three or four inches below the general surface, marks the range of tread; but within it you see three still deeper cavities, produced by the daily tramp of his feet. The length of his chain permitted him to take only three steps, but to the limits of this fettered license he seems to have taken daily and vehement exercise, determined to keep himself alive for whatever issues Providence might provide. The whole prison apartment is now an open space; but when Bonnivart was here, walls ran between the columns, forming a series of perfectly close cells. These trampings, therefore, must have been made as he strode from wall to wall, riveted to the corner of a dark dungeon, by a chain four feet long.

The person who showed the Castle told me that while Byron was meditating his Prisoner of Chillon, he used to come to the scene every day, with his servant. He finally wrote the poem in two days, in a room of the Anchor Inn, at Ouchy; but it appears that he had been mentally composing it for some time, and by the aid of diligent study on the spot. At that time he was not acquainted with the story of Bonnivart. He learned it afterwards when he went to Geneva. My conductor said that Byron's ignorance might be accounted for by the fact that the persons who at that time showed the Castle were not in the habit of explaining the apartment, and that the woman who then kept the keys did not herself know anything about Bonnivart. Another reason, the guide thought, might lie in the fact mentioned last year by an English family who were here, that Lord Byron did not speak French, though he did speak Italian.

Among a thousand sad histories that have perished from recollection, one tradition, scarcely less touching than the legend of Bonnivart, still attaches to this remarkable chamber. At the lower end of it, against the wall which crosses and limits the apartment, are some drawings four or five feet in length, which display great feeling as well as skill. They represent St. Christopher holding the infant Christ, and supporting himself by a tree; St. John, with an inscription in Gothic letter over his head, "St. Johès"; and the Saviour on the cross. These were thus drawn in total darkness by the young Coquet, a pupil of Bonnivart, who had attempted the deliverance of his teacher, but was detected and thrown into this cell, which at that time was walled up on the other two sides. He succeeded at length in breaking his fetters; and when his keeper came to bring him food, he overpowered him, fastened him in the dungeon, and escaped up stairs into the Hall of Justice. Here he threw himself from a window into the lake, but unhappily fell upon the rocks and was killed.

Several interesting autographs in stone testify to the deep feeling which this scene has inspired. On one of the sandstone pillars in the centre, the name of "Byron" appears, carved by his own hand, somewhat crookedly. On the same column are "L. Hunt," "H. H. Milman, xlix.," "A. D. M." (Alexander Dumas), and others. On the natural rock which forms the inner side of the chamber is the name of "Shelley," in large capitals, cut by himself.

In the upper story of the building is shown the Hall of Justice, so called from the injustices judicially performed there. It is a large room with ceilings panelled in the fifteenth century. Next it is the torture room. A wooden pillar stands in the centre of it, with a pulley at the top of it, to allow the prisoners to be drawn up and then thrown violently down. While thus suspended, red-hot irons or lighted torches were sometimes applied to their feet; and the lower part of the pillar is charred in many places. From this dismal chamber, a grated window looks out over the blue, placid, lovely water. Near by is a small room where a furnace stood to heat the irons. Adjoining the Hall of Justice, on the other side, is a spacious apartment, divided along the middle by wooden pillars. It formed the kitchen and dining hall of the Dukes of Savoy.

Another small structure across the court-yard, but within the walls of the castle, must not be forgotten. It contained the Oubliette. When a prisoner's fate was settled, he was told that he was about to be set free, and was conducted hither that he might approach a statue of the Virgin to give thanks, and then descend a staircase and pass out of the Castle. He descended three steps, when the staircase terminated, and he was thrown into a well fifty feet deep. These three steps, and the well beneath them, are still there. If it was the design that the victim should die a lingering death of starvation and broken bones, he was suffered to remain here. If a speedier end was intended, a trap door in the bottom of this vault was opened, and he was flung down forty feet further. All this has certainly a very apocryphal sound, and a reader of such matters would be inclined to pronounce the whole story as an idle legend, recited for the entertainment of gaping tourists. It is certain, however, that quite similar accounts are given at the old castle near Baden-Baden, and elsewhere; and that the appearances of the apartments sustain the explanations which are given. My conductress at Chillon was a shrewd and rather witty woman, who, either from native inclination or out of compliment to my country, displayed a vigorous democracy. She would conclude every fresh exhibition of terrors by saying, "And all this was in the good old times!" Being a show-woman and a radical, perhaps the duskiness of the scenes took a "browner horror" from her glosses.

HAYING.

IT is five o'clock. The morning is clear and fresh. A thin blue film of mist hovers over the circuit of the Housatonic along the mountain belt. A hundred birds, yes, five hundred, are singing as birds never sing except in the morning. A few chimneys send up a slow-wreathing column of smoke, which grows every moment paler as the new-kindled fire below burns brighter. In our house the girls are astir, and the mystery of breakfast developing. The little dog is so glad, after the lonesome night, to see you, that he surfeits you with frolic. The men are in the barn feeding the horses, and getting everything ready for work.

The clouds hang low on the mountains on every side. Their ragged edges comb the mountain sides, and look as if they must sway the trees in their course. Yet they move with such soft and drowsy measure that not a leaf stirs in their path. Will it rain to-day? The heavens overhead look like it. The clouds around the mountains hang low, as if there were rain coming. But the barometer says, No. Then a few rounds with the scythe before breakfast, just by way of getting the path open. There they go, a pretty pair of mowers! The blinking dew-drops on the grass tops wink at them and pitch headlong under the stroke of the swinging scythe. How low and musical is the sound of a scythe in its passage through a thick pile of grass. It has a craunching, mellow, murmuring sound, right pleasant to hear. The grass, rolled over in a swath to the left, green and wet, lies like a loosely-corded cable, vast and half twined. Around the piece, step by step, go the men, and the work is fairly laid out and begun. There sounds the horn! Breakfast is ready! A most useful and salutary custom is that of breakfast. One may work with the hands before breakfast, but not much with the head. The machine must be wound up. The blue must be taken out of your spirits, and the gray out of your eyes. A cup of coffee—real coffee—home-browned, home-ground, home-made, that comes to you dark as a hazel eye, but changes to a golden bronze as you temper it with cream that never cheated, but was real cream from its birth, thick, tenderly yellow, perfectly sweet, neither lumpy nor frothing on the Java; such a cup of coffee is a match for twenty blue devils, and will exorcise them all. Involuntarily one draws in his breath by the nostrils. The fragrant savour fills his senses with pleasure—for no coffee can be good in the mouth that does not first send a sweet offering of odor to the nostrils. All the children are farmer's boys for the occasion. Were Sebastopol built of bread and cakes, these are the very engineers who would take it. Bless their appetites! It does one good to see growing children eat with a real hearty appetite. Mountain air, a free foot in grassy fields and open groves, plain food and enough of it, these things kill the lilies in the cheek and bring forth roses.

But we must make haste, and make hay while the sun shines. Already John Dargan is there whetting his scythe. John, tough as a knot, strong as steel, famous in all the region for ploughing, and equally skillful at mowing, turning his furrow and cutting his swath alike smoothly and evenly. If Ireland has any more such farmers to spare, they may come on in spite of all the Know-Nothings. The Man of the Farm strikes in first, as being the head man in this dominion, and John follows, and away they go right through the clover and herdsgrass, up the hill, toward the sun. The grass is full of dew, which quivers in the sunlight, and winks and flashes by turns all the colours of a rainbow. We follow after, as one that limps, having never attained the art of mowing, and being a late apprentice and mere learner, we prefer to let our betters go first. One swath will satisfy our zeal, and we shall then fall into the ranks of the spectators. Round and round the field they go, with steady swing, the grass plat growing less at every turn.

What a miniature forest is this tall grass full of underbrush clover? How full of population! Vast communities dwell here of which we have but little knowledge, and for which we have but little sympathy. All manner of grasshoppers, field crickets, bugs of every shape and colour, worms, birds, young and old, and nameless life, swarm through these grassy forests, past all counting. One imagines the sudden surprise with which the crash of the scythe overthrows all their structures, obliterates their paths, destroys their haunts and societies, and buries thousands of them under each swath of grass. All the bright webs of spiders that sit up late at nights, the virgin webs that have as yet caught nothing but dew, and have caught a whole lapfull of that, are swept in one stroke. A mower will in a half a day disarrange the plans of myriads of his fellow-creatures, walking a conqueror through their desolated cities and dwellings, without once thinking, even, that he has wrought his task amid such multitudinous company. I, following on, turn over the grass and watch the liberated captives, that take their disasters very patiently. Spiders forget to be voracious. Insects run over spiders without fear. All herd together in peace, made by a common misfortune. So we have read that bears, wolves, panthers, deer, rabbits, and foxes, are sometimes pent up on some high ground, islanded by a sudden freshet, and forget their destructive habits, and live together peacefully until the receding waters let them forth again.

While we are musing upon the fate of bugs, a shout from the boys informs us that the mowers have disclosed a meadow-lark's nest. Sure enough, there goes the gibbering bird over into the next field, to complain and mourn over her most unexpected loss. Five speckled eggs are not so easily laid as to be given up without a thought! How many fond hopes are here crushed by one swing of Time's scythe, or John's scythe it was, I believe! They are warm and smooth. How good they felt to the warm-breasted mother! Here she sat mute, reflecting upon the joyful times when she should inform her mate that the shells were broken, and both of them should bring a dilapidated worm to the ugly-looking mouths of their callow young! But when did a child ever look ugly to its mother! And larks doubtless think their featherless, discoloured, yellow-mantled squabs more beautiful than full-grown humming-birds. And now the bereaved mother is flying upon the fence, and thence to the top of a near bush, to see the issue. We carefully put up sticks about the nest, and took oaths of humanity from all the boys, and caused horse-rakes and cart-wheels to respect the nest. But when the grass was cleared from the field, and the nest was left wide open to the sun, without shade or protection, the owners held a counsel over matters, and resolved to abandon the desecrated nest, set the eggs down to profit and loss, emigrate to another meadow, and begin life again! After two days' waiting, some of the kind friends, without our knowledge, removed the desolate nest and placed it upon our writing-table, and there it now lies before us, with a vine of green leaves and a few spikes of yellow sweet-clover, twined about it. Poor eggs! No lark shall ye ever be! Ye shall not shake dew from the grass, nor pick worms from the earth, nor sing a mournful minor song, as I hear your kindred now doing from out of the field before my window.

Meanwhile all the boys have been at work spreading the grass. The hay-cocks of yesterday have been opened. The noon comes on. It is time to house it. It is brave work to see men pitching and loading hay. We lie down under the apple trees and exhort them all to diligence. We are surprised at any pauses to wipe the perspiration from their brows. We are very cool. We think haying a beautiful sport. We admire to see it going on from our window! We resist all overtures of the scythe and the fork, for we think one engaged in the midst of it less favourably situated to make calm and accurate observations.

The day passes, and the night. With another morning, and that Saturday morning, comes up the sun without a single cloud to wipe his face upon. The air is clear and crystal. No mist on the river. No fleece upon the mountains. Yet the barometer is sinking—has been sinking all night. It has fallen more than a quarter of an inch, and continues slowly to fall. Our plans must be laid accordingly. We will cut the clover which is to be cured in the cock, and prepare to get in all of yesterday's mowing before two o'clock. Not till about ten o'clock is any change. Then the sun-light seems pale, though no cloud is before it. Some invisible vapour has struck through the atmosphere. By-and-bye clouds begin to form—loose, vast, cumbrous, that slowly roll and change their unwieldy shapes, and take on every shade of colour that lies between the darkest leaden gray and the most brilliant silver gray. One load we roll in before dinner. While catching our hasty meal, affairs grow critical. The sun is hidden. The noon is dark. All hands are summoned. Now, if you wish to see pretty working, follow the cart, and see long forks leap into the cocks of hay, and to a backward lift they spring up, poise a moment in the air, shoot forward, and are caught upon the load by the nimble John, and in a twinkling are in their place. We hear thunder! Lightnings flash on the horizon. Jim, and Frank, and Henry Sumner, are springing at the clover, rolling it into heaps, and dressing it down so as to shed rain. There are no lazy-bones there!

On the other side of the road there is a small piece of this morning's cut grass lying spread. Even we ourselves wake up and go to work. All the girls and ladies come forth to the fray. Delicate hands are making lively work, raking up the dispersed grass, and flying with right nimble steps here and there, bent upon cheating the rain of its expected prey. And now the long winrows are formed. The last load of hay from the other fields has just rolled triumphantly into the barn! Down jumps John, with fork in hand, and rolls up the winrows into cocks. We follow and glean with the rake. The last one is fashioned. A drop pats down on my face. Another, and another. Look at those baseless mountains that tower in the west, black as ink at the bottom, glowing like snow at the top edges! What gigantic evolutions! They open, unfold, change form, flash lightnings through their spaces, close up their black gulfs, and move on with irresistible but silent march through the heated air. Far in the north the rain has begun to sheet down upon old Grey-Lock! But the sun is shining through the shower and changing it to a golden atmosphere, in which the mountain lifts up its head like a glorified martyr amid his persecutions! Only a look can we spare, and all of us run for the house, and in good time. Down comes the flood, and every drop is musical. We pity the neighbours who, not warned by barometer, are racing and chasing to secure their outlying crop.—*H. W. Beecher, in The Independent.*

LOSSES.

UPON the white sea sand
There sat a pilgrim-band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known,
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake, with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down:
But one had wilder woe,
For a fair face, long ago
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth
With a most loving ruth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green:
And one upon the West
Turned an eye that would not rest
For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honours told,
Some spake of friends that were their trust no more;
And one of a green grave,
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free—
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead,
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea!
But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

—(*London*) *Athenæum.*] FRANCES BROWNE.

A FEMALE ARTIST.

From The London Daily News.

THE short visit of Mlle. Rosa Bonheur to London must have fixed in many minds the floating desire which has existed for some time past that English and foreign artists should know one another, and become acquainted with one another's works in a less hap-hazard way than hitherto. Thanks to partial efforts, vigorous but too arduous to be required of individuals, we have for some years been able to see in London a good many works of French and German artists. But the plans of such exhibitions are precarious; and it is really impossible that individual enterprise should present such works either extensively or impartially. Under the immediate influence of Rosa Bonheur's presence and achievements we believe it would not be difficult to form an association which would charge itself with procuring an annual exhibition in London of the works of artists of all nations.

Many of our readers no doubt remember the sensation excited in London—first, among artists, and then in the public—by Biard's picture of "A Slave Ship on the African Coast." That lurid and terrible picture made such an impression on artists and connoisseurs that they were heard to say that, whatever was Biard's intention, his picture would have a social operation which fine pictures have long to wait for, if they ever obtain it. They said it would do more toward negro emancipation than the acts of Clarkson and the silver speech of Wilberforce. The human interest, of which good hearts might form some conception, was so enhanced and vivified by the true presentment of scenery and climate, that the careless and the "bored" about anti-slavery, and the devoted Abolitionist, familiar with the topic, were alike moved and amazed at the spectacle of the slave trade in action. How many of the English in Paris now are longing that everybody belonging to them could see Brion's little picture of an "Enterrement dans les Vosges." It would be a fine thing if all Paris could see Millais' "Order of Release"; and it would be a fine thing if all London could see that most touching mountain funeral, where the coffin is drawn in a little hand-sledge down the difficult path, encumbered with snow, and the blast catches the white cotton pall, and the weeping women are knee-deep in the snow; and the little child carries the wooden cross; and a friendly group looks on mournfully from the cottage garden on the steep. And who does not wish that to see Rosa Bonheur's pictures, present and to come, should be the common privilege of both nations? And who that met her last week does not wish that the mind and conversation of distinguished artists should be reciprocated like their productions?

The literature of Art has been reciprocated freely enough. There is plenty of talk and books about it. Even the Americans find they can talk about it, by following the lead of Goethe; and practical artists in our own country are quite sufficiently annoyed by the discourses of pedants who never drew a line, but who have been to Munich, or Dresden, or Dusseldorf, and have picked up or made up theories of art which, arising in a metaphysical and critical age, can afford no true account of the paintings of an anterior period, or any guidance as to the genius of a coming time. In the midst of the æsthetic babble of pedants, masculine and feminine, up rises Rosa Bonheur to strike them dumb. Some may murmur that hers is not high art; but there will be a general consent that we have got hold of a treasure of true art, and that we may well be thankful for what we have got. We shall obtain no high art by imitating the ancient, or by calling out for it. The faculty will find its own way of manifesting itself—a new and fresh way—which there is no use in guessing at beforehand. Meantime, here is, in Rosa Bonheur and her works, something new, fresh, strong and capital; and our business is to be thankful for what we have seen, and to see as much more as we can.

This distinguished woman is an agreeable subject of contemplation in every way. She is good and wise, healthy and happy, beloved and cherished by family and friends, and with every prospect of a long career, enviable for better things than the fame which will accompany it. No one can look at such works as hers—produced before she had passed her thirtieth year—and doubt her industry. They are the results of genuine study of nature—close, prolonged and animated. Yet she has neglected no duty, domestic or social, for the indulgence of her own tastes. She is one of the happy number—which would become unlimited if education were what it ought to be—whose chief pleasure happens to be also their first duty. Her father was an artist, and she studied under him till she was qualified to fill his place in his home, and support and educate the family he left. Simply and nobly she did that duty; and now, at thirty-one, she has achieved fame and pecuniary ease, and may cultivate and exercise her genius according to her bent. Those who saw her in London must have been struck with the heart's content in her countenance, mingled with its bright expression of exhilaration. Courage is exhilaration and peace in one; and what her courage is, her countenance and pictures show. The subject and treatment of her "Horse Fair" is such a proof of courage as is not often afforded by men. In a woman it takes the world by storm, as the artist world of London saw last week.

Without touching on the old question of the comparative intellectual ability of women and men, and the dispute as to the causes of the acknowledged inferiority of women in the department of art, we may point out that Rosa Bonheur has brought up a new phase of that old question. The French call her their Pauline Potter, and insist on her equality with Paul. We hope she has many years before her to ascertain the scope and power of her genius; but meantime, whatever may be the place finally assigned her, we know to a certainty that it is by her power of toil that she has reached her present eminence. There is genius in the conception and endurance of such toil as she has undergone, and out of which she comes with an evergrowing strength and freshness. Those who see her in her own home see what her power of study is. She has, because she must have, a house of her own in Paris, on account of the necessity, not only of the ordinary requisites of light, space, &c., but of room for her curious, happy family of animals, of which a splendid goat is the most conspicuous member. There are no women like the French for the free exercise of industry and ability; and Rosa Bonheur has been working like a Frenchwoman in a department open to all, while women elsewhere—and men too—have been talking, or trying by mean of books to enter into other folks' labours.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.—The following specimens of the Lord's Prayer, in the style in use at various periods, will exhibit the changes which our vernacular has undergone since its formation, six centuries ago:

A. D. 1258.

Fader ure in heune, haleweide beoth thi neune, cumen thi kuneriche thi wille beoth idon in heune and in erthe. The euerych dawe bried gif ous thilk dawe. And vorzif ure dettes as vi vorzifen ure dettoures. And lene ous nought into temptatioun bot delyvor ous of uvel. Amen.

A. D. 1300.

Fadir our in hevene, Halewyd by thi name, thi kingdom come, Thi wille be don as in hevene and in erthe, Oure urche dayes bred give us to day. And forgive us oure dettes, as we forgive our dettoures, And lede us not into temptation, Bote delyvere us of yvel. Amen.

A. D. 1380.

Oure fadir that art in heunes halowid be thi name, thi kingdome come to, be thy wille don in erthe as in heune, geve to us this day our breed *oure other substaunce*, forgeue to us our dettis as we forgauen to oure dettouris, lede us not into temptatieun; but delyuer us from yvel. Amen.

A. D. 1534.

O oure father which arte in heven hallowed be thy name. Let thy kingdome come. Thy wyall be fullfilled as well in earth as it ys in heven. Geve vs this daye oure dayly breede. And forgeve vs oure treaspases, even as we forgive our treaspacers. And leade vs not into temptacioun; but delyver vs from evell. For thyne is the kyngedome and the power and the glorye for ever. Amen.

A. D. 1582.

OVR father which art in heauen, sanctified be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, in earth also. Giue vs to day our super-substantial bread. And forgiue vs our dettes, as we also forgiue our detters. And lead vs not into temptation. But deliuer us from evil. Amen.

A. D. 1611.

Our father which art in heauen, hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdome come. Thy will be done, in earth, as it is in heauen. Give vs this day our dayly bread. And forgiue us our debts as we forgiue our debtors. And lede vs not into temptation, but deliuer vs from euil. For thine is the kingdome, and the power, and the glory for euer. Amen.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

A Paris physician has just published a pamphlet with the title of "The Physical and Moral Degeneration of the Human Race caused by Vaccination." The startling theory that Jenner, who, for more than half a century, has enjoyed the reputation of one of the greatest benefactors of humanity that ever existed, was in fact the principal author of cholera and a host of modern diseases, has been broached before, but without exciting much serious attention. Now, however, the Imperial Academy of Medicine have placed the subject on their programme for discussion.

——Her Majesty (says a very loyal journal) "has shown her solicitude for the comfort of the invalids from the seat of war by sending for distribution among upward of thirty selected sick and wounded soldiers a number of *silk pocket-handkerchiefs* hemmed by herself and the ladies of the Court. These were distributed yesterday by the commandant of the garrison at Portsmouth. Six handkerchiefs hemmed by the Queen were presented to Sergeants Aldridge, Gilbert, Whettam, Herbert, Armstrong and Tatham; the other recipients were all selected good-conduct men, &c.!"

——O'CONNELL AND HIS REMAINS.—The long-talked-of monument to O'Connell in Rome is at length completed, and is about to be erected in the church of the Irish College there. The inscription reminds us that "O'Connell, dying in Genoa, on his way to the Eternal City, bequeathed his soul to God, his body to Ireland, and his heart to Rome."

Apropos to the name and memory of the "Illustrious Liberator," no greater anomaly, no more incongruous spectacle, can possibly be than that of O'Connell's *post mortem* affairs. It may, indeed, be that his heart is, or is to be, enshrined in the monument in Rome; but as to the other parts of his being, we cannot speak thus certainly. His body, which, as a national deposit and heirloom, he "bequeathed to Ireland," has been from the day of its interment held in restraint in Glasnevin cemetery, as security for the undertaker's fees, which a "grateful nation" has never paid!—*Edinburgh Cross.*

——We have at present (says a correspondent of a London paper) a lady of colour in Balaklava, and occasionally in camp, who is quite an original in her way; and an amusing specimen of the adaptability to circumstances of the darker specimens of the genus *homo*. She is both a Miss Nightingale and a Soyer in her way. A native of Jamaica, she has travelled extensively on the American continent, and has acquired great experience in the treatment of cases of cholera and diarrhœa. Her powders for the latter epidemic are now so renowned that she is constantly beset with applications, and it must be stated, to her honour, that she makes no charge for her powders. She is often seen riding out to the front with baskets of medicines of her own preparation, and this is particularly the case after an engagement with the enemy. Her culinary powers are also so great that even Soyer told her, the other day, she knew as much about cooking as himself. Mrs. Seacole is, moreover, a highly intelligent woman, and a further proof that the race from which she sprung is one capable of high intellectual development. She may well exclaim with *Othello*—

> "Mistake me not for my complexion—
> The burnish'd livery of the golden sun."

——ANCESTRY OF WASHINGTON IRVING.—John of Irwyn had landed possessions in the parish of Holm in Orkney, in 1438, when the country was still an appanage of the crown of Denmark and Norway. The Irvines of Sebay are very frequently mentioned in the times of Robert and Patrick Stuart, Earls of Orkney, and suffered very severely from the outrages of those rapacious nobles. They became extinct in the direct male line, *tempore* Charles I; but one collateral branch had immediately before settled in the island of Sauday, and another, the Irvines of Gairstay, in the island of Shapinshay. They lost the estate of Gairstay several generations back, and sank down to the condition of mere peasants, tenants of Quhome, where some of them reside at this day. I was there lately with Mr. Balfour, the proprietor of Shapinshay, who pointed out the old and modest house at Quhome where was born William Irvine, father of Washington Irving. Is it not somewhat singular that Sir Robert Strange and the author of Bracebridge Hall can be almost demonstrated of the same blood? I *guess*, if Irving knew his pedigree could be traced step by step up to John Irwin of 1438, he would readily claim and vindicate his Orcadian descent. —*Dennistoun's Memoirs of Sir Robert Strange.*

——THEOLOGICAL NEWS.—There is a catechism in use at the colleges for young Jesuits, of which the following is part:

"Q.—In what place will each one arise in the resurrection?

"A.—Each one will rise in that place where the largest portion of his body remains.

"Q.—In what form will each rise again?

"A.—Of a middling stature, with well-proportioned limbs, and each according to the sex previously possessed.

"Q.—In what age shall we rise from the dead?

"A.—In the age of Christ, as if we all were thirty-three years old.

"Q.—Shall the world be inhabited again?

"A.—Some think unbaptized children will inhabit it; but none else—not even the beasts. * *

"Q.—Is it a sin not to pay tithes?

"A.—Yes; it is a great sin? * *

"Q.—Where is hell?

"A.—Hell is in the middle of the earth.

"Q.—Is hell very large?

"A.—Not very, for the damned lay packed in it one upon another, like the bricks in a brick oven."

In speaking of this, the London *Athenæum* says:

"We do not remember, in the literature of pains and penalties, to have met with a more curious illustration than this last. We know of but one other which approaches it—namely, in the old German list of retributive punishments, wherein it is asserted that all unworthy clergymen who pass into the next world will be condemned to pass the whole of their time in reading all the bad sermons which have been written in this. Poor fellows! But the idea is too horrible."

——A HACKNEYED CUSTOM.—Year after year witnesses the dropping of some obsolete feudal ceremony. This year, we are informed that on the 29th, at the vespers of the fête of St. Peter and St. Paul, the Pope has decided that there shall not take place, as hitherto, "the protest of the Chinea." And what is that? Nearly six hundred years ago, Clement IV. in conceding the kingdom of the Two Sicilies to Charles of Anjou, received an acknowledgment of his feudal rights over that domain by the homage of a hackney carrying 7,000 gold ducats in a silver vase, and the same custom was generally observed down to the end of the last century. The Popes, however, seemed to have differed in their sentiments with regard to the offering. Paul II., who must have been a very sensible man, boldly looked the gift horse in the mouth, "refused the hackney, and wished to have a sum of 60,000 crowns in its stead." Under the pontificate of Pius VI. in 1777, the Constable Colonna, in presenting the Chinea in the name of the king, suddenly and unexpectedly changed the formula, saying that he presented it as a mark of the devotion of his sovereign towards St. Peter and St. Paul, to which the Pope warmly replied "that he accepted it as an obligation of vassalage." In 1788, the Chinea not having been presented, this same Pius VI. delivered from his throne a solemn protest, before the benediction of the Pallium, and the custom of this protest has always since been kept up. At length, as we have seen, the protest follows the Chinea, and the last strand of the feudal bond is broken.

——A specimen of united African twins is now exhibiting in London, and said to be very extensively visited. The London *Journal* gives the following account of them:

"They were born in Africa, and, when only a year old, were dragged off, together with both their parents and three brothers and two sisters, and sold into slavery at Cuba. During the winter of 1850, Dr. Maginley, of North Carolina, purchased them as interesting natural curiosities, and removed them to the United States. Unfortunately, the doctor, who was very kind to them, died early in the following year, when they were sold with the remainder of the goods and effects of his estate, and thrown upon the world.

"The purchaser, who had paid four hundred dollars for them, with the intention of exhibiting them, brought them for the purpose to Philadelphia; and Pennsylvania being a free State, and the little slaves 'not being runaway negroes,' the Government, by a judgment of the Court, declared them free, and appointed Professor Miller and Mr. Thompson their guardians; and they, annually, for five years, pay a certain sum to the State for the purpose of purchasing the freedom of their parents, and brothers and sisters, to whom they will be reunited when manumitted.

"Their history is, in every way, an interesting one. They are inseparably united by the bones of the lower part of the back, and their existence is doubly hazardous, as the death of the one would inevitably involve the destruction of the other. The Siamese twins, on the other hand, whose accidental union has excited so much wonder and curiosity in all parts of the world, could be separated without the slightest risk to either; they, however, prefer to perpetuate a disgusting union from mercenary motives, that would not have lasted a single hour had their birth occurred in a civilized or scientific community."

——CHARLES LAMB.—The letters of Charles Lamb are among the most delightful in the language. Here is one hitherto unpublished, which ought to have had a place in Talfourd's Memorials. It was written on the marriage of one of Lamb's dearest friends, only a year before he became the "superannuated man," the "gentleman at large," the Jacob married to the Rachel for whom he had waited and served so long. One may see, underneath this pleasant letter, with its quaint figures of speech, half-mirthful, half-mournful, how the drudgery of the desk had come to gall him at last: "My Dear Barry—I do agonize a shame in not having been to pay my congratulations to Mr. B. and your happy self; but on Sunday (my only morning) I was engaged in a country walk; and in virtue of the hypostatical union between us, when Mary calls, it is understood that I call, too, we being univocal. But, indeed, I am ill at these ceremonious inductions. I fancy I was not born with a call on my head, though I have brought one down upon it with a vengeance. I love not to pluck that sort of fruit crude, but to stay its ripening into visits. In all probability, Mary will be at Southampton Row this morning, and something of that kind be matured between you; but in any case not many hours shall elapse before I shake you by the hand. Meantime give my kindest felicitation to Mrs. B., and assure her I look forward with the greatest delight to our acquaintance. By the way, the deuce a bit of cake has come to hand, which hath an inauspicious look at first; but I comfort myself that that Mysterious Service hath the property of Sacramental Bread, which mice cannot nibble, nor time moulder. I am married myself—to a severe step-wife—who keeps me, not at bed and board, but at desk and board, and is jealous of my morning aberrations. I cannot slip out to congratulate kinder unions. It is well she leaves me alone o'nights—the Day-hag BUSINESS. She is even now peeping over me to see I am writing no love-letters. I come, my dear. Where is the indigo sale book? Twenty adieus, my dear friend, till we meet. Yours most truly, C. LAMB. Leadenhall, 11th Nov., '24."

——INFANT GARDENS—THEIR DESIGN.—Only fourteen years have elapsed since the first Infant Garden was established, and already Infant Gardens have been introduced into most of the larger towns of Germany. Let us now welcome them with all our hearts to England. The whole principle of Froebel's teaching is based on a perfect love for children and a full and genial recognition of their nature, a determination that their hearts shall not be starved for want of sympathy; that, since they are by Infinite Wisdom so created as to find happiness in the active exercise and development of all their